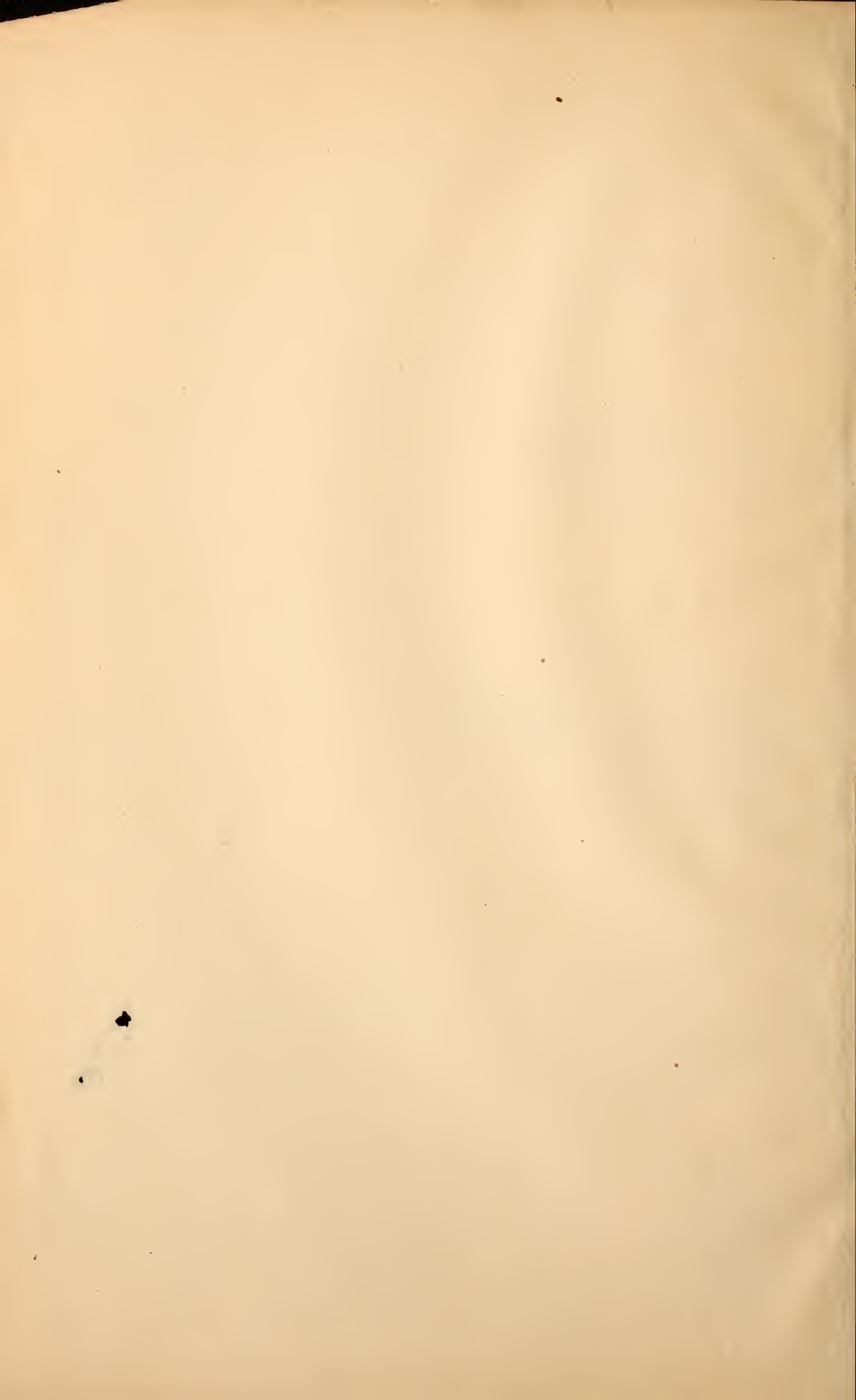


Spring Hill Review,

April 1899.






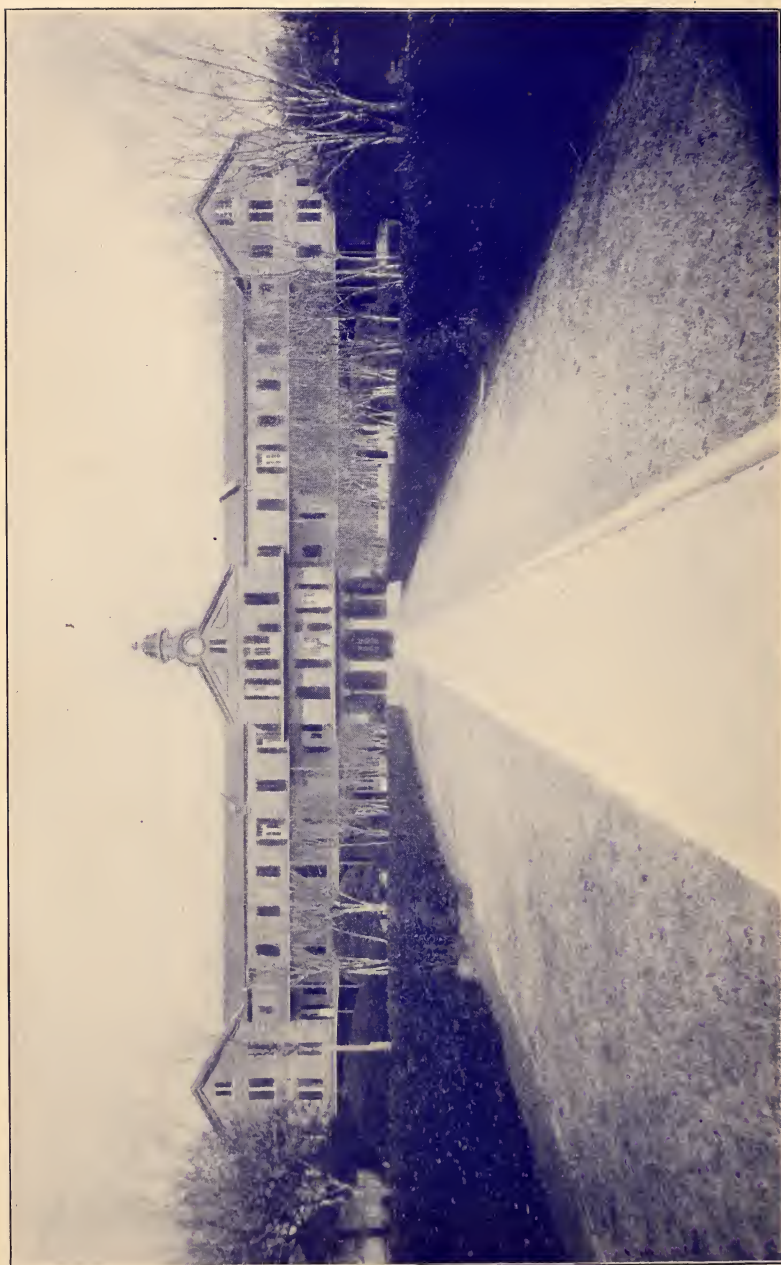








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SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

The Spring Hill Review.

Spring Hill College,
MOBILE, ALA.

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THE SPRING HILL REVIEW.

VOL. 1.

APRIL 1899.

No. 1

EASTER MORNING.

“WHO shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre?” So spake to each other in anxious whispers those Galilean women, the humble friends of their crucified Lord,

Who, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His Cross and earliest at His Grave.

So spake they as with crushed hearts and way-worn feet, they slowly sped through the dewy gloom of that unrisen morrow. Christ their all-in-all was dead, and with Him all their own hopes were twice dead, plucked up by the roots. No more, so they thought, no more for them the light of His countenance, the touch of His healing hands, the inspiration of His example, the consolation of His gracious words.

* * * * *

True, they remembered that He had told them He should rise again; but, then, they were so familiar with death's unbroken silence and unutterable darkness! Besides, the eventful Sabbath was nighing its close, and still the corpse lay in the garden tomb. How could they grasp the truth that He, whom they had seen hanging upon the cross, the limbs relaxed, the body cold, the head drooping on His shoulder with its crown of thorns, the spear-gash in His side, would of a sudden shatter at a touch the gates of brass, smite the bars of iron in sunder and spring anew to life?

* * * * *

And so they groped their way on that first Easter morning, carrying spices for the corpse, and wondering as they sped who should roll away for them the stone that blocked the door of the sepulchre?

Ah! How often we know it not!
How often God seems most far away, even while dramas of unimaginable mercies are being enacted behind the veil—the veil so impenetrable to disbelief, so transparent to the eyes of faith!

* * * * *

Up rose upon them the Easter sun, the bright sun of a Syrian spring, and the earth was, in an instant, steeped in gold. The rose and the lily that decked the lonely garden flushed to life and breathed with perfume. The breeze whispered in music of the dawn, and the world awoke, and lo! they found the stone rolled away, without their feeble aid, and angel presences glimmering in the empty sepulchre, and on the tomb of their own dark hearts also, rose the sun of righteousness, for at last Christ himself garbed as the gardener, appeared to Mary. Then was their anguish scattered like the morning mist, and the whole world throbbed with the echo of that enraptured “Rabboni!”—“My Master!” of the Magdalene. And so, “regnavit a ligno Deus”—He reigned from the accursed tree.

* * * * *

The Cross whereby the Lord of glory was perfected in suffering for our sakes, was but the tree of life; the death was but the birth-throe of an eternal redemption; the earliest thrill of a regenerative influence which shall not cease until evil has been for ever vanquished, and the kingdoms of this world have at last become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

A DIEU!

BY TISDALE J. TOUART, '01.

From dark blue skies,
Through nights divine,
Like angels waked from sleep,
With raptured eyes,
The stars o'ershine
The broad, eternal deep.

Ah! must I e'er
With mortal eyes
Here wait and watch and weep?
O! shall I ne'er
Beyond the skies
With angels vigil keep?

Lost, lost and lost,
They wind their way
In endless depths above.
May I be lost,
—O speed the day! —
In God's abyss of love.

Brother! 'tis sweet
To look above.
Wilt thou return no more?
Then pray we'll meet
Where saints in love
Celestial fire adore.

Then let me plod
And toil and sweat
And labor all the day!
We'll bless Thee, God,
When we have met
Forever and alway.

THE SOUTHLAND.

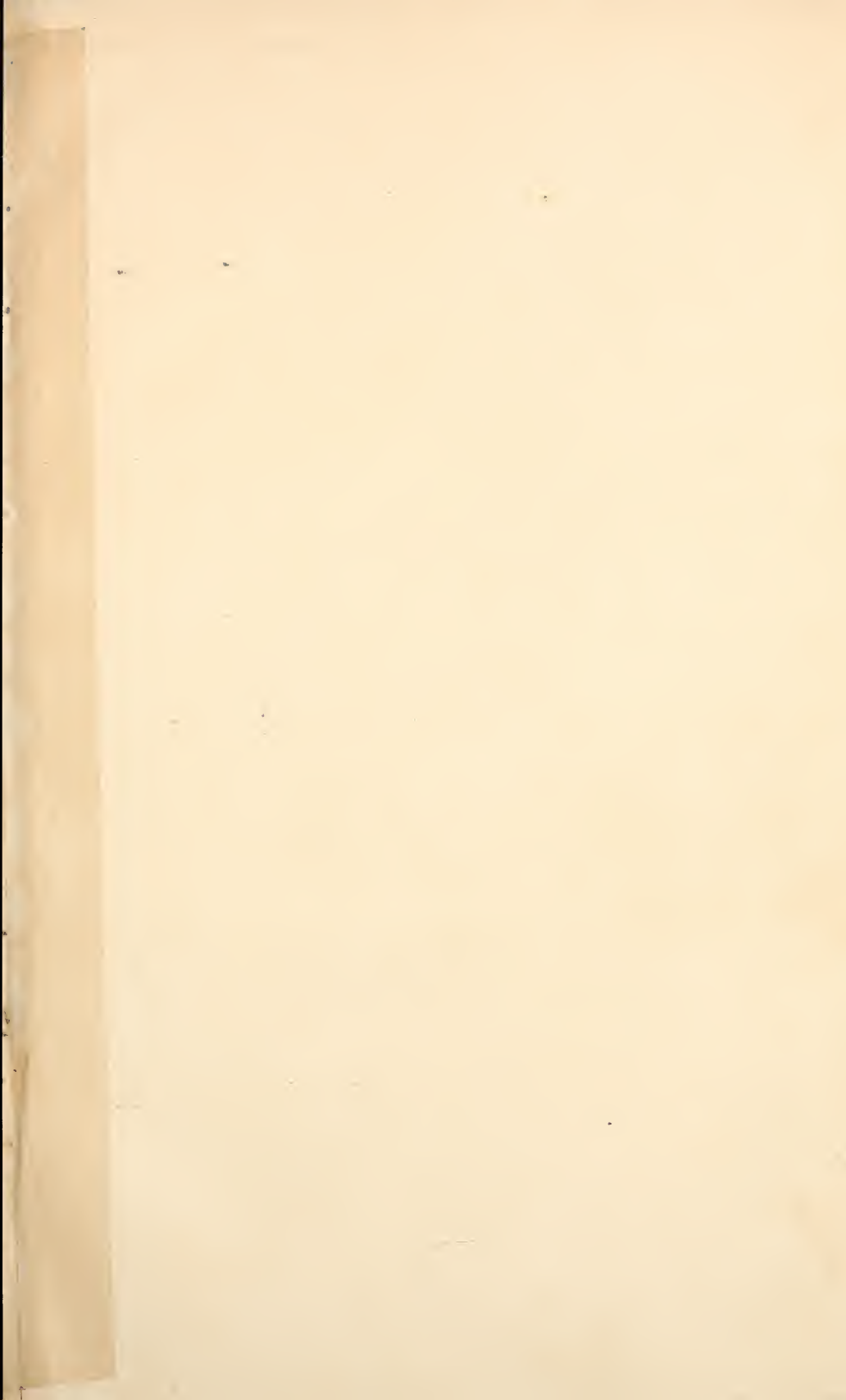
BY DU ROCHER.

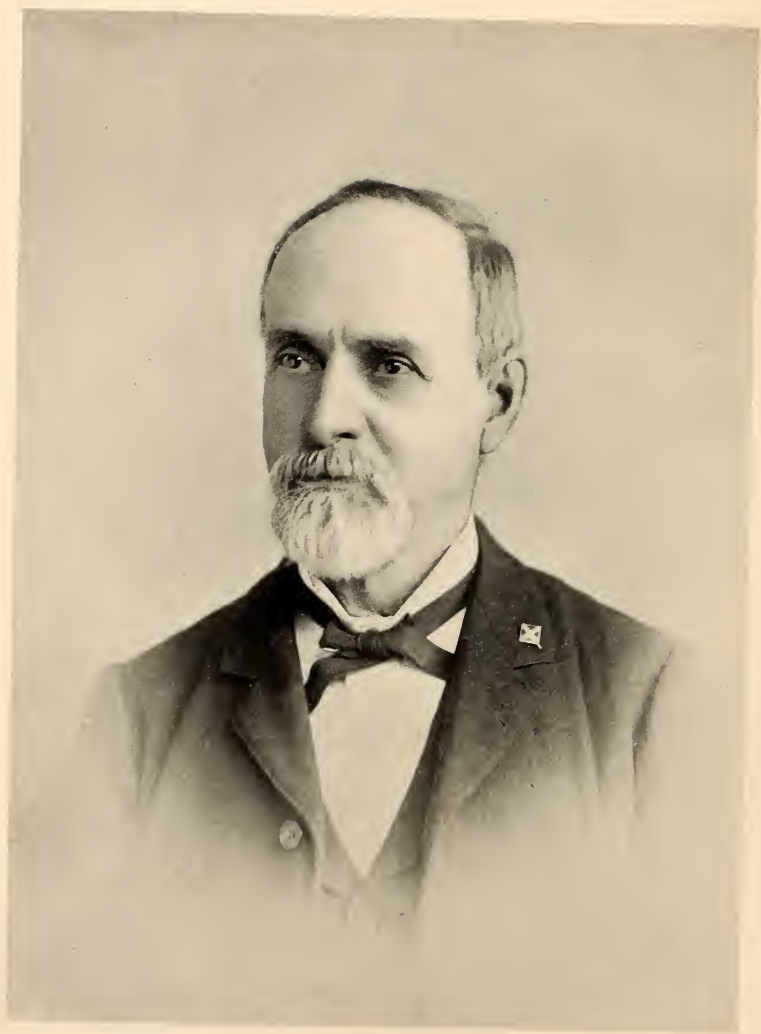
THE Southland! how sweet the name, how beloved by those who dwell therein. It calls up the clear streams, the slow bayous, the sparkling waters of the Gulf, the genial clime, the gentle sun-bath of the long summer. It is fragrant with the breath of jasmine, of ever-blooming roses and the white-bosomed magnolia, and with how many more fairy flowers that live in its verdant prairies, in its many glens and its countless hillsides. It is a flower-crowned queen, our Southland, and her children love her with a jealous love.

Her Northern sister understood her not, this large eyed, olive-tinted daughter of the South, who seemed to care so little for their pushing activity, their too sordid greed. She was slow, enervated by her "*dolce far niente*," she had

borne much, she would bear more.

Yes, till the limit of honor and duty, no farther. And she arose and called on her sons trained in the lists of honor and duty, and they flocked around her, the small farmer, the rich planter, the so-called pampered children of the South; one to five, they fought till their swords were broken to the hilt, till the bright sword of Lee was sheathed, and the bullet-rent, star-crossed flag was furled; and then turning to the cypress-crowned: "Mother, what now?" "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," whispered she, and she sadly gazed around; on the myriad graves, the ravaged lands blood-soaked, on the ruins, grim sentinels, that marked the path of the despoiler. She heard the sad tones of widows appealing for their orphans.





COL. R. M. SANDS, '39.

Then, "my sons, duty and honor remain, learn to labor and to wait." Long years passed; their courage was acknowledged, had they not proved it on a thousand battle-fields? Their honor, that is, their loyalty to the pledges given in defeat, loyalty to the re-united States was doubted, and still they wrought and still they waited. At last their day came. See how once more and yet better the Southland thrives. Hear the whir of the looms, the clang of the

workshops, see the flames of her foundries, the brown-ribboned furrows of her fields. Where now the *dolce far niente*? Their loyalty! The sons of veterans heard a call to arms; not theirs they said "to reason why, theirs but to do or die," and no longer is their honor doubted. Old issues are dead, and "the dead past has buried the dead." Long may the Southrons cherish the memories of our Southland, long and ever may it be the home of honor and duty.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD SPRING HILL.

BY COL. R. M. SANDS, '41.

WHEN we requested Col. Sands to furnish us with a short sketch of his life, the venerable gentleman wrote us the following letter, which, at the risk of offending his modesty, we take the liberty to print.

"You ask me to send you a short sketch of my life. The best I can do, I think, would be to give you my war record as a condensed history of my life, which I think will be pleasing to the boys. When I was young the grandest sight I could look upon was a soldier who had been in battle. That was a long time ago, as I was born at Tampa Bay, Florida, on October 12th, 1825, where my father was stationed, he being a captain in the Fourth Infantry of the United States Army. He was also under General Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," in the war with England in 1812-15. So I have been a soldier by inheritance. Having been a student, one of the old boys of Spring Hill College, I lay my laurels at her door."

Shortly after the South seceded from the Union, Captain Sands tendered the services of his com-

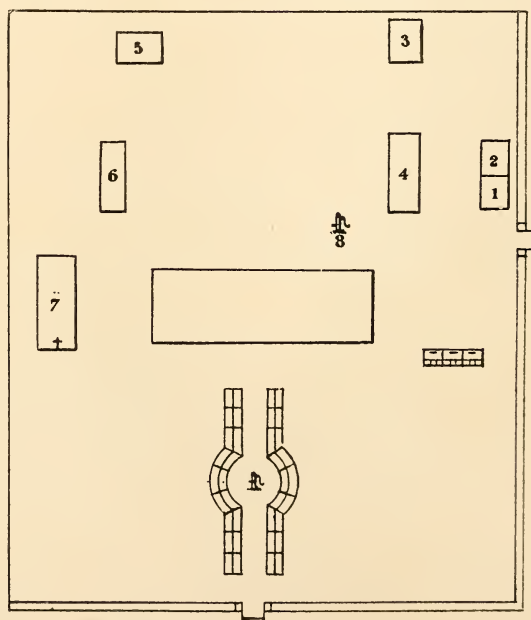
pany, "The Mobile Cadets," to the Confederacy. He left Mobile for Virginia in April, 1861, and commenced active service as captain of Company A, Third Alabama Infantry, Battle's Brigade, Rode's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. His regiment was under fire in all the battles of Lee's campaign in Virginia, Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Manassas Gap, Spottsylvania and Winchester. Was retired on "Invalid Corps" August 20th, 1864, and assigned to command of Camp of Instruction at Talladega, Ala., March, 1865, and was there until surrender took place. Col. Sands says: "In all these skirmishes and battles I was wounded once, at Gettysburg. It was a slight wound on the right shin bone. Now, over thirty years after, I suffer more than when I was struck; so I can, and do gratefully say to my God: I have walked in the midst of the shadow of death and feared no harm, for Thou wert with me."

My earliest recollection of

Spring Hill College dates back to the year 1839, the year of the dreadful yellow fever epidemic, and of the great fire in Mobile. The old college building, which was destroyed by fire in 1869, stood where the present building stands and faced in the same direction.

In olden times, before the college was built, the communication between Mobile and New Orleans was by a stage coach line from Mobile to Pascagoula, Miss., and thence by steamboat to the Pontchartrain railroad to the city of New Orleans. When Bishop Portier built the college he caused it to face this road.

and the east end of the college building was a well which has lately been arched over and which has a history. It is said that Bishop Portier had several wells dug, trying to get a supply of water for the college, but was stopped by a layer of brown-colored rock which prevented his going deeper; the same obstacle was met in digging this well, and he was giving instructions to fill up the hole, when the Rev. Mr. Bazin asked permission to make an attempt to get deeper, which was granted. He got a pick, was lowered to the bottom, raised the pick and brought it down with all his strength, breaking through the



The plot with this gives an idea of the college grounds. 1—Store house and kitchen; 2—stable; 3—residence of laborers; 4—infirmatory; 5—residence of lay professors; 6—a two-story building, upper story, store place for boys' trunks, lower story place for boys to wash face and hands in the morning; 7—chapel. Between 4

rock, making quite a large hole, through which the water rushed with considerable force. Mr. Bazin called out, "Haul me up, quick!" which was done, the water following him up nearly to the top. He left the pick at the bottom of the well, where it must be now.

The college lake is one of the

places ever fresh in the minds of the old boys, where they enjoyed bathing and learned to swim during the summer months. The vacation in the early days of the college took place during the months of December and January, the boys going home to spend the Christmas and New Year holidays. A large majority of the boys were from New Orleans and from up the Mississippi river, and as yellow fever epidemics were of frequent occurrence at their homes during the summer months, parents preferred their sons remaining at school at Spring Hill, which was noted as a very healthy summer resort. The college was then controlled by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Michael Portier.

The presidents of the college, as far back as I can remember, and in the following order, were: The Rev. Messrs. Bazin, afterwards Bishop of Vincennes; Mauverney, who boasted having been a soldier under Napoleon I; Rampon, Bach, with professors of his community called, I think, Fathers of Mercy. The Eudists came next, and they were followed by Mr. Thomas G. Rapier, a layman, a true man, loved and respected by all who came in contact with him. He had but a short term as president, when Bishop Portier turned the college over to the Rev. Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits, who are still in possession, making a perfect success of their administration, working for the "Greater Glory of God," by making the youth under their control learned in the sciences, and by their training law abiding citizens.

Bishop Portier was of a pleasant and jovial disposition, and loved to be with the boys playing jokes on them which they would return in kind. During the summer months he would spend the night at the college, returning to Mobile

in the morning. One evening after his arrival the boys got around him and asked him to give them *Deo Gratias* (holiday) the next day, as they wished to walk to some place in the woods. He said he would answer them the next morning; they said, "Bishop, you will go to town so early that we will not be able to see you." "I'll see about that," he replied, and went up to his room. The next morning as the boys came from breakfast, the bishop had not gone but was ready with his whip in his hand. It turned out that his buggy could not be found. The boys got around him, and whilst talking about the disappearance of the buggy, the man who had charge of the dormitories came to the bishop and reported that he had found his buggy in the small boys' dormitory, in the third story of the college. To insure the bishop's not going to town, some of the large boys had taken the buggy to pieces, carried it up into the college and put it together in the dormitory. The bishop enjoyed the joke as much as the boys did, and gave them *Deo Gratias*.

SPRING HILL CADETS.

About two years before the Civil War commenced Father Gautrelet, President of the College, asked me to found a military company from among the larger boys and to drill them. Some years before the Jesuits took charge of the College, whilst a student, I formed a company called the "Spring Hill Lancers." —Not having arms to give the boys, I made use of "Lances," that had served for the same purpose in former times,—hence the name Lancers given that company.

They were very well drilled, so much so that I was invited to take them to Mobile to appear in a Military Review on a "Fourth of

July," in which the "Lancers" took quite a prominent part,—with their lances to which was attached a Guidon of Red and Blue.

When Father Gautrelet asked me to form a company I was anxious to do so, but my business was such that I could not spare the time for it. The Father said he could overcome my objection, as he would provide a conveyance for me, every Sunday, if I would accept of it, which I did, and every Sunday forenoon, I was at the college drilling the boys. They took so much interest in it, that the half dozen boys, I instructed as "drill-masters," soon had them out of the "squad drill," and it did not take them long to master the "company drill." The arm used was a single barrel shot gun, with that they soon perfected themselves in the "Manual" when the company officers took charge of the "Spring Hill Cadets."

The first parade in uniform and fully equipped was, acting as escort to the Blessed Sacrament on "Corpus Christi," in the procession through the college grounds, to the different Repositories, and firing a salute when the Benediction was given.

A short time before the end of the college year, I received an invitation to go out to the college, and bring with me the officers of my old company the "Mobile Cadets," a carriage was at our service at a livery stable in the city.

We went out, and took part in a most pleasant social entertainment. Towards the end of it, the Company was called to order, when a presentation took place, of a silver set, consisting of a water pitcher and two Goblets, inscribed on the pitcher "The Spring Hill Cadets, to Captain R. M. Sands." After about thirty-nine years the gift presented that day is still to be seen on my side board, cherished as a pleasant souvenir, by the one who was honored on that occasion.

I must now add to these reminiscences a pleasant incident of our war between the states.

I was on duty for a couple of days, with my old regiment the Third Alabama Infantry, A. N. V. at Chambersburg. I was standing on the sidewalk looking at some of our troops, as they marched by, when a fine looking young officer came up to me, and greeting me most cordially, laughingly said, "I know you do not recognize me. The moment I saw you, I knew you and I came to thank you for the commission I have in the Army of Northern Virginia, as it is owing to the instructions received from you when at Spring Hill College in the "Spring Hill Cadets" that I have it;—there are others of the boys who feel the same towards you, my name is Kleinpeter."—I was very much flattered at what he said; at the mention of his name, I remembered him as one of the officers of the "Spring Hill Cadets."

TRUTH.

Each season its flower, each flower its hue,

And there is a flower for youth,

On the heart where it dwells calling Heaven's sweet dew,

The ennobling Love of Truth.



LIEUT. J. NUMA AUGUSTIN, U. S. A. '89.
KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JAUN.

LOUISIANA.

Te primo tenuit regia Gallia
 Et nomen tradidit gratia Lillii,
 At his principiis languida vixeras
 Vix dum vivida, patria.

Hispanum sequitur lustra per ardua
 Sollers imperium, primitus asperum,
 In summa placidum nec sine gloria
 Lucris utile patriae.

Cum turbis breviter Gallia libera
 (Sic dictum!) reedit, signaque Statuum
 Toto jam reudent splendida saeculo
 Ceus custodia patriae.

Hostes deficiunt protenus exteri
 Et tu plus timeas posco domesticos:
 Usurae, veneres, ambitus, otia,
 Haec te minantur, patria.

Crescat religio sanctaque puritas,
 Crescant cum muneris et bona civium,
 Agris fertilitas, gregibus augmina:
 Haec ores mea patria.

C. M. W.

Lieut. J. NUMA AUGUSTIN, U. S. A. '89.

BY P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

SORROW and grief are the usual consequences of death.

Keen, indeed, and deep, is the wound it leaves behind, when the grim spectre embraces a youthful victim, full of promise, the hope of his family and an honor to his native city. Such a wound has the death of J. Numa Augustin, an officer in the U. S. A., left behind not only in his own family circle, but also in the midst of the great Southern metropolis. Our young hero, whilst defending his country's flag against the Spanish forces, fell mortally wounded on the battle-field of San Juan. The bravery displayed by the young officer in this engagement has stamped him as a worthy exponent of Southern chivalry.

J. Numa Augustin was born in New Orleans on the 21st of February, 1874. He was the son of Hon. Joseph Numa Augustin, ex-state senator, and the grandson of Col. Numa Augustin who won great distinction in the Civil War. His mother also is a highly accomplished lady and a member of a very respectable family. Young Augustin received his elementary education at a private school. When yet quite young, he was sent to the Immaculate Conception College, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. After having passed successfully through the preparatory and grammar courses, he was sent to complete his studies to Spring Hill College. Here, as he himself admitted, he

spent some of the happiest days of his youth, beloved by his fellow students and esteemed by his devoted professors. He graduated with high honors in the year 1889 at the early age of sixteen, and being the youngest who had ever received a diploma from this seat of learning he was awarded a gold medal for this singular distinction.

The one cherished hope and ardent desire of young Augustin throughout his college course was to serve his country in the capacity of a soldier, and to this end he applied for a cadetship at West Point. He was admitted, and passed successfully the required classes, graduating with distinguished honors in the year 1895. Receiving a commission as lieutenant, he was assigned to the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry of the United States Army. He was stationed at short intervals in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. His gentlemanly bearing in every vicissitude of military life won for him the admiration of officers and soldiers alike.

It was while stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah, that he met Miss Alice Palmer, an accomplished young lady, the daughter of Capt. Palmer of the United States Army. A strong attachment grew up between them, which soon ripened into loving affection, and finally ended in their being married in the city of Washington, D. C. on the 6th of July, 1896.

When the United States and Spain had recourse to arms to settle the Cuban question, the Twenty-fourth Infantry in which Augustin was Lieutenant, was summoned to Chickamauga, thence to Tampa with orders to report at once to Shafter. This regiment was the first to land upon Cuban soil, and shortly after their arrival

they received orders to prepare for immediate action.

On July 1st an engagement took place between the Spaniards and the American forces, and the loss on the American side was not small, owing, no doubt, to the mode of warfare carried on by the Spaniards, which consisted chiefly in their keeping up a continuous fire from ambush on the invaders. In this battle Lieutenant Gurney of the Twenty-fourth Infantry fell. This officer and Lieutenant Augustin were on the closest terms of friendship, having been classmates at West Point and later on Lieutenants in the same regiment.

The death of his cherished friend and fellow officer did not, in the least, check our young hero's ardor for the fray; but it rather seemed to spur him on to more daring deeds for his country's honor. Fiercely waged the battle, every inch of ground was hotly contested. Onward, still onward, pressed the gallant Twenty-fourth with their brave officers at the head of the line. The shot and shell poured thick and fast on the rugged steep of San Juan. In the midst of the battle and in sight of his command, our young and brave hero fell mortally wounded.

The loving arms of faithful comrades bore him from the field: tender hands bound up the wound, whilst eyes unused to weep were dimmed with tears to behold their commanding officer struggling with death. Medical skill could not prolong his life: the wound was fatal: he must prepare to die. Sad news, indeed, to the fallen soldier; yet he bore it as only a Christian can, who believes that death is but the portal of another and a better life for those who have performed well their threefold duty, to God, to self, and to their fellow men. Sad, too, that there was no priest at hand

to dispel the clouds that gather round life's sunset, and administer to the dying soldier the rites of Holy Church; but no doubt the religious training which he had received from pious parents at home, and afterwards from devoted professors at college, prompted him to supply by a fervent act of contrition the absence of God's minister. The next day July the 2nd, the young officer peacefully expired with these words on his lips: "Tell my wife that I died fighting for my country's honor."

When the sad news of his death reached New Orleans, unutterable sorrow filled his once happy home. The grief of loving wife and affectionate parents cannot be adequately expressed in cold type. Nor was this deep feeling of sorrow confined to his immediate friends and relatives, but it extended throughout the city of New Orleans. A meeting of prominent citizens was called for the purpose of making arrangements to have the remains of the brave officer brought back to his native city, and to have him buried with honors befitting his rank.

In the early part of November, the body of Lieutenant Augustin was exhumed and forwarded in a metallic casket to New Orleans. On the 19th inst., the precious freight arrived at the Louisville & Nashville depot, where a large delegation of friends and acquaintances

were assembled to receive and accompany the remains to the Augustin residence. During the whole day there was a constant stream of sympathizing visitors anxious to gaze for the last time on all that was mortal of the hero of San Juan. That evening the body was taken to the City Hall, to lie in state where once had lain in the silent repose of death, other Southern heroes, Davis, Beauregard and Smith.

The funeral services next day were conducted by the Very Rev. Father Laval, Vicar General of the Diocese of New Orleans. Rev. Fr. Semple, S. J., president of the Immaculate Conception College, delivered the funeral address.

The casket was borne to its final resting place, followed by the largest concourse of people, military and civic, the city has witnessed for years. The remains were laid in the family tomb in the new St. Louis Cemetery, the last rites of Holy Church were read by Father Henrionnet, a cousin of our fallen hero, the tomb sealed and thus in silent death sleeps our departed friend, J. Numa Augustin.

Rest, then, in peace, fallen hero, in the land of thy birth. Slumber quietly on, till the Lord of armies shall summon thee from beneath the folds of that dear flag for which thou fell, to receive, as we hope and pray, the reward of duty heroically done.

IN VERBA S. FRANCISCI XAVERII.

"Amplius" exclamat moestus sevisque dolorum
 Fluctibus oppressus. "Me sine plura pati!"
 At "Satis est" inquit, coeli si quando voluptas
 Pectora suffundit. "Gaudia nulla mihi!"
 Omnia vincit amor. Divino accensus amore,
 Dulcia Franciscus spernit, amara cupit.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

BY FOREST C. BRAUD, '99.

FATHER YENNI tells us that a simpleton, who wanted to sell his house, showed a stone which he carried around as a sample. Naturally everybody laughed at this idiot and his stone. If this fool had at least shown a block of uncommon dimensions, saying that the stones of his mansion were all of the same size, or if he had offered as a sample of the value of his house a gilded tile, as those of the old Capitol, perhaps he might have found not only a crowd of curious spectators, but even a buyer of his merchandise.

Most of us could buy a Christian Education, but how can I give you a good sample that you may be able to judge from it of the great advantages accruing to those who possess this treasure? History informs us that the different schools of Philosophy in Greece disputed for a long time on the question, in what consisted happiness. There were as many opinions on this subject as there were masters to teach Philosophy, perhaps as many as there were disciples. An ancient author analyzing the principal opinions enumerates no less than two hundred and eighty-eight.

But no matter how many opinions there may have been and are, as to the essence of happiness, one thing is absolutely certain, namely, that we all tend towards happiness. It is a prompting of our very nature, and man with all the energy of his soul and body moves towards that state, by a law as certain and infallible as the law of gravitation.

Happiness is the one charm, the Sesame that furnishes us the key to the heroic virtue of the saints,

and the abominable crimes of the malefactors. But the former seek the reality, while the latter are pursuing a phantom, a hollow mockery, like the dog that drops the piece of meat to snap at its shadow. The Saint, the upright citizen, the intelligent man, reasoning logically, understands this primary idea, that spirit is above matter, power of the mind above strength of the body. They cultivate the happiness of the soul, the nobler part of man, that makes him like unto God. That soul, when refined by the culture of a Christian Education, which alone can teach us its real value, is capable of the most lofty thoughts and the sublimest ideas. It raises him above the matters of sense to bring him into sweet communion with nature, and the God of nature. Christian Education is Education with Religion, Education of the soul.

When the great Michael Angelo's master-hand had chiselled out, with all the skill of a mighty genius, from the rough marble the statue of Moses, that marvel of sculpture, he wondered himself at the perfection of that noble face, and in his innermost heart he felt a longing, a sublime longing. "Speak," he shouted under the terrible illusion—"Speak!" as if his hands could have hewn from the cold stone a human soul. And in his terrible disappointment he struck his masterpiece. The traveller can see to this day the mark of the chisel.

Education without Religion fashions a statue, but however beautiful, however life-like, it is dead, it is the clay which God fashions without the soul which God breathes into it.



CLASS OF '99.

More than two hundred years ago Leibnitz called the proper training of youth the foundation of human happiness. Our own Washington regards education as the "pillar of society."

Intellectual discipline without Religion cannot produce these results. Greece and Rome bear witness to this fact. For, assuredly their intellectual culture far surpassed that of any other nation of antiquity. Yet they too were swallowed up by the torrent of corruption that swept them into the common tomb of nations. A few melancholy ruins bear witness to the fact that once there dwelt in these lands nations whose refined culture produced the masterpieces of all the fine arts. And why did such a lamentable catastrophe overtake nations whose literature and art even nowadays are the models of taste? Listen to the echos of their most gifted lyrics. In heart-rending tones they bewail the corruption of their fellow-citizens and hold up to them loftier ideals than paganism could inspire.

No doubt a few great masters soared higher, and left behind them the vulgar throng, but they were like the fire-flies of our sunny South, appearing in the night of paganism, they lit up their own paths, and brought out in more striking contrast the darkness around them. The history of Greece and Rome is a powerful example of the principle we are illustrating, that education without religion has never yet produced a perfect civilization; they have perfected the outward man, but failed to raise that nobler part of us, the Soul.

If we wish, therefore, for the

continuance of national prosperity, for the nobler titles of a nation, let us not separate education from religion. Call it instruction, but do not for a moment dare call that pagan enlightenment, Education.

Lord Derby, the great English statesman, has expressed this thought in a few words: "Religion is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people."

Religion, therefore, is not an accessory, but the very essence of education, the parent stem the pith and marrow of it. To exclude it from our schools, to separate it from the instruction of the child, would be an abominable outrage to God and an irreparable loss for the child.

All ages and all nations have admitted a Supreme Being, and rendered it the homage of their adoration, but all ages, too, had interwoven with their education a knowledge of God, and the duties we owe him. Our times have discarded the wisdom of the past, scattered broadcast over the land a generation of atheistical and infidel sciolists, whose teachings will sap the foundation of all moral and civil obligations, and bring us back to a chaos of degradation, a night for which there shall be no morrow.

Religion alone, the watchful sentinel of man's liberty and happiness, can repair the ruin, enlighten the path and bring back to our generation the happiness to which is our own natural heritage, the knowledge of God and our own dignity.

RECEPTION TO RT. REV. EDWARD P. ALLEN, D. D.

SHORTLY after the consecration of Rt. Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., a reception was tendered him by the faculty and students of Spring Hill College. After some choice musical selections rendered by the College orchestra and bands, Mr. Jas. J. Quill, Jr., '97, of Mobile, read the following address:

Right Reverend Bishop—Coming among your flock for the first time, clothed in the episcopal purple and endowed with apostolic authority, we greet you with loyal hearts, in union with all the Catholics of Alabama, as our shepherd chosen by God, through the authority of His vicar, Pope Leo XIII.

The wisdom of the holy father's choice is for your vast diocese a matter of sincere congratulation. Great must be the regret of the faculty and the friends of Mount St. Mary's at parting with one who has so ably and successfully guided the affairs of that venerable college. But equally great must be the joy of the diocese which will henceforth reap the benefit of the wisdom and energy you have so conspicuously displayed in the past.

Accordingly, your first visit to our college calls forth from the faculty and students of Spring Hill a joyful and heartfelt welcome. An occasion so happy and so auspicious cannot be allowed to pass without congratulation to our new pastor, expressing our earnest hope that your crozier may be destined for years to come to govern the see of Mobile, and promote the welfare of religion in the state of Alabama. And it is not without special cause that we thus extend a greeting to the fifth bishop of Mobile. Viewed as a fact

in our national history, it is an event full of the happiest significance, that the diocese in which once stood the Confederacy's capitol, the diocese whose poet-priest sang so passionately of the "Conquered Banner," should now receive with joyous acclamation a bishop who was nurtured among the hills of New England.

However, the scene of your past labors is not quite so distant from us as your native Massachusetts. For many years you have been the ruler of your Alma Mater, the home of your student life, Mount St. Mary's College, and the dignity and responsibility now placed upon your shoulders is a testimony of the success of your presidency. The ability and zeal which marked your long administration of the College are known far and wide. To such energy the holy see has now given a wider field: it has placed the mitre on your brow and said, like the king in the parable, "Because thou hast been faithful in little thou shalt have power over ten cities." And in this new sphere we anticipate even greater success for your efforts in extending the influence of the church and in guarding and propagating her sacred principles.

And nowhere among the cities or the communities of this diocese will the president of Mount St. Mary's, in his new dignity, receive a more cordial greeting than here in Spring Hill, here in the oldest Catholic college, south of the Potomac, a college which like that over which you have presided, has encountered the reverses of war and the more destructive ravages of fire, and still stands where the lines of its foundations were drawn by the first bishop of Mobile. Here the pioneer Bish-



RIGHT REV. EDWARD P. ALLEN D. P.

op Portier raised the walls of St. Joseph's College and soon after entrusted its management to the Jesuit fathers. In later times, when disaster came, and the devouring fire made of the original college a heap of ashes, it is pleasant to recall that Spring Hill found a staunch friend in an old student of Mount St. Mary's, your kindly and large hearted predecessor, Bishop Quinlan.

Now in our own days, when the enemies of the church are endeavoring, *per fas et nefas*, to control education, and thus weaken faith in the hearts of the young, we must look upon it as a special favor of divine providence to send

us a bishop who knows by long experience the necessity, as well as the difficulty of providing for the children of Catholic parents a Catholic education by means of Catholic colleges. Our greeting, Right Reverend Bishop, is, therefore, all the more cordial and joyful. The community, as Jesuits, welcome with loyal affection the ruler of the See of Mobile. The students, whether natives of the diocese or only for the time, members of your flock and under your episcopal sway, wish you a sincere and hearty welcome. And one and all unite in the earnest prayer:—"Long and prosperous be your reign."

COMBAT BETWEEN A MUNGOOSE AND A COBRA.

BY J. CROSS-BUCHANAN YUILLE, '00

IN the "Lettres de la Nouvelle Mission du Madure" we meet with some very interesting anecdotes and lively descriptions relative to those ever mysterious countries of the far East.

In one of these letters, over the name of Pere Bertrand, S. J., given in the first volume of the work, we chanced upon a very entertaining episode, concerning the character and habits of the Mongoose.

As in Europe, he says, the cat is destined by Providence to be the destroyer of such noxious vermin as mice and rats; so in India the mongoose is the inveterate enemy, not of these only, but also and especially of that more dreaded and dangerous creature the venomous reptile.

In shape, the mongoose resembles the ferret, but is rather more slender in form, while the head is larger and narrower. It is also an animal of far greater activity and lightness of movement, being able to clear at one spring a distance

of a couple of yards. It is smaller than the ichneumon, paler, more greyish and has a pointed tail.

Somewhat similar to the squirrel in its habits, the mongoose seems to indulge with delight in sportive, but peculiarly graceful and surprisingly nimble gambols. At times it will walk along on its hind legs, then bounding from side to side with capricious agility, it resumes an air really cunning and comical.

This animal if taken young is capable of perfect domestication, and is said to form a strong attachment to the person who has reared it, as well as to the house it inhabits. The mongoose is a strictly nocturnal animal and usually remains in covert until late in the evening, when the creature sallies forth on his career of blood and havoc.

Of the mongoose there are two species, one the size of an ordinary full grown cat, the other somewhat smaller. The nose of a full-

size mongoose is pointed, though not so sharp as that of the ferret; the fur is perfectly smooth and glossy; its tail is once and a half the length of the body, and as thick as a man's finger. When the animal is enraged, the eyes flash fire, its hair bristles up; the tail becomes as large as the wrist; the head is reared aloft in stately majesty, and the whole body seems to become double its ordinary bulk. In a combat it assumes an attitude truly fierce and martial.

I have a mongoose in my possession, one of the smaller kind, which I have succeeded in taming. It has become even more docile than a cat; will come at my call, and if at liberty, will follow me everywhere even in my walks. In my rambles it will precede me by a few feet, then standing on its hind legs it begins to caper about, looking at me the while with a roguish eye, and when again I rejoin it, the little creature walks along with me for a time, and again runs ahead to recommence its frolics. When I allow it, my little companion jumps on to my shoulders, and thus by various little cunning artifices, it gives evidence of a sincere attachment.

At night it goes out hunting and always with success. But see in what hidden corners vanity lurks! My mongoose is very careful not to eat up its game. Early in the morning, as I rise, I find it on the threshold closely guarding its well-won spoils, consisting of snakes, scorpions and sometimes a good-sized rat, and eyeing me with tenderness, tinged with a little pride, my little hunter seems to say: "See what I have brought you." I answer my little pet with a smile which means, "That's right, I am well pleased with you," and no sooner said than proud and joyful it scampers off

with the booty to be hidden under a bush for the feast of the day.

But to know the animal's true character we must see it in a combat with an adversary worthy of its courage. Some days ago I was told that a huge snake eight feet in length was in the garden, a "Nella Pambou," that is to say, good snake. The Hindoos have given this sympathetic name to the cobra or spectacle snake through respect for their God, Siva, who is said to ride about on this kind of reptile. I at once called my mongoose and off we went in search of the snake. It had disappeared; but a small circular hole revealed to us its shelter. My servants, cured of their pagan prejudices, began to dig around the opening, gradually advancing towards it. Presently the snake put forth its head, a portion of its body soon followed, and in a few minutes the reptile crept out from its retreat. We moved backwards, forming a circle with a radius of about fifteen feet, the snake, of course, being the centre. The mongoose entered the ring, facing its enemy at a distance of six feet. At the mere sight of the mongoose the snake became infuriated, and having thrown itself into a fighting attitude, rose in the air to the height of about three feet, the rest of the body coiled on the ground forming its support. The mongoose began to gyrate around in a series of graceful, sinuous manoeuvres; its vigilant, sparkling eyes anxiously reconnoitring on every side, and carefully examining the character and bearings of its formidable antagonist. It sprung into the air, bounded from side to side, shot to and fro, and all this with a rapidity which fatigued the eye. In this way it dazzled and stupefied the enemy.

No sooner had the mongoose

perceived that the serpent was in a dazed condition, than with one bound, it pounced upon it and buried its sharp needle-like teeth in the neck of the cobra. The snake hissed furiously, struggled, swelled, making frantic efforts to reach the mongoose; but the little fellow was too careful to make its escape after each bite. Again the mongoose poses before the irate snake, and the same rippling performance is repeated, except that the snake, rendered more furious by the wounds, became more agitated, hissed with greater violence and was consequently becoming less formidable. From this stage onward the assaults on the part of mongoose are more frequent, and the punishment more telling until at length the snake, spent by agitation and pain fell to the ground exhausted.

The mongoose now approaches its prostrate foe, no longer by bounds, but quietly and defiantly, inflicts a few deeper bites, but is still careful to get out of reach after each attack. Finally, when death appeared certain, the victor approached for the last time, sniffed and examined its foe attentively; then seizing it by the throat, galloped off, dragging after it a limp and lifeless mass six times larger than itself.

I do not know of any spectacle more interesting than the one I have just related. During the whole performance my little hero was really delightful, but in the last rounds of this unique combat he became intensely interesting. The little fellow had been gone from us quite a while; yet, we still remained on the battle ground, lost in lingering wonder at the extraordinary combat we had just witnessed.

Such an encounter is not without danger for the mongoose. When bitten it immediately darts off in search of a certain plant which it eagerly devours. Being saturated with this plant, which possesses the rare virtue of checking the action of poison, the mongoose returns bold and fearless to the fray.

Until lately the mongoose had not a well-determined name in methodical catalogues. Naturalists have for the most part described it rather by character than by its figure. Even Buffon erroneously attributes to it all the characteristics, which properly belong to the ichneumon.

I trust the above sketch will serve to make this interesting, and plucky little fellow better known to the readers of the "Spring Hill Review."

CHILDHOOD.

BY C. ANDRÉ LELONG, '01.

Lone beside the water's rimple,
 Musing o'er a by-gone day,
 Sighing, longing for my simple
 Childhood's hour now passed away;
 Seemed to see my playmates climbing,
 Seemed to play upon the plain,
 Heard the distant church-bell chiming,
 Cried: "O childhood come again!"
 Wavelets kissed the rocks as ever,
 Stars were smiling as of yore,
 To my cry all answered: "Never!"
 And I left that dreary shore.

TO APOLLO.

QUID DEDICATUM.

What seeks the bard in prayer
At Phoebus' votive shrine,
Or what implores, when pouring
From goblet new-pressed wine ?

Not overloaded harvests
Of rich Sardinian grains,
Not graceful herds agazing
On hot Calabrian plains.

Not gold, not Indic iv'ry,
Not fields where silent flow
Thy lambent waters, Liris,
With ripple soft and low.

Trim, Fortune-blest Calenians,
With pruning-hook the vine ;
From cups of gold let merchants
Drink low the costly wine :

Their trade the gods befriending,
The Syrian wares are sold ;
Each season on the ocean
They're cruising safe and bold.

Let lightsome mallows, endives
And olives be my fare.
O offspring of Latona,
Hear thou and grant my prayer :

Health to enjoy life's comforts,
A heart with youthful fire,
Old age in joy and honor,
Lastly the poet's lyre.

LÔUISIANA, '87.

AND HE WAS HIS FRIEND!

BY HENRY LEON SARPY, '00.

NAPOLEON'S Spanish invasion proved a complete failure. Highly incensed against the proud conqueror who had so ill requited their faithful alliance, the Spaniards determined not to yield an inch of their territory without strenuous resistance. A large army was hastily levied to check the onward march of the French ; great bodies of guerillas went scouring the country, continually harassing the enemy, intercepting

the convoys, and capturing the stragglers. After severe defeats and heavy losses Napoleon ordered his troops to return to France.

In one of the regiments were two young officers already noted in the army for their deeds of valor. The friendship which had sprung up between them in their early boyhood had in course of time developed into sincere affection and brotherly love. When not on duty Alfred and Edward



VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE.

were wont to stroll out into the country, or retire to their common tent and there beguile the hour by recalling their boyish days or speaking of the beloved ones at home. Though vexed at being obliged thus hastily to leave Spain they could not but feel joy at the thought of soon treading again the soil of their native land. After many difficulties the army reached the foot of the Pyrenees. A halt was made to give the wearied soldiers a much needed rest.

The two young officers soon after left the camp with the intention of viewing the picturesque country. They climb the rugged sides of the cliffs, they stroll along the swollen mountain torrent, they gaze down the deep precipices, they find at every turn new sources of pleasure. But the day has worn out and the night is fast approaching. The camp is far away; it were dangerous indeed to turn back and in the dark to walk along the narrow path which skirts the mountain.

From the jutting rock the two friends see a flickering light at a distance. They at once proceed towards it and soon find themselves before a small goat-herd's hut. At their repeated knocks at the door a window opens and a grizzled-bearded man appears, and with a gruff voice asks: "Who are you, and what do you demand of me?" "We are French soldiers belated in these mountains and we ask a shelter for the night," was the answer. "My hut has but one single room, and shelter I cannot give you," replied the rough mountainer. "However," he continued, "if you proceed a little further down, you will come to an old castle, where you can spend the night comfortably. I would not indicate this place to everybody, for it is said to be haunted

by evil spirits. But you are French soldiers, and evidently are not afraid of ghosts," and with a hoarse laugh, the Spaniard closed the window. The two friends looked at each other and heartily laughed at their discomfiture. Their situation was embarrassing enough, but as there was no other alternative, they boldly took the path which led to the deserted castle. As they turned the rock they saw it before them; its dark towers standing out in bold relief against the starry sky. Lighting resinous torches, placed at the entrance seemingly for the convenience of visitors, the daring officers fearlessly entered the castle.

Unpannelled doors, broken windows, crumbling walls, worm-eaten pieces of furniture lying here and there in damp rooms, showed that the place had been long untenanted. At the western end of the building they found a large room where they determined to spend the night. "Friend," said Edward, "I do not think that we shall be disturbed by the unfortunate visit of goblins; yet as we are still in the enemy's country it were madness indeed to go to sleep without taking some precaution. This dismal place may be the rendezvous of Spanish smugglers, whose sharp knives might prove more fatal to us than fiendish apparitions. So I propose that each in turn shall watch for two hours. I am the stronger, and I shall therefore take the first watch. Alfred gladly accepts his friend's proposal and stretching himself on a mouldy lounge, is soon fast asleep. Meanwhile Edward lights a torch, cocks his pistols, and begins to pace up and down the silent room. Nothing occurred during the first hour to alarm the watchful sentinel. At intervals Edward heard strange noises in the long corridor and in

the adjoining apartments. But he easily accounted for them; the wind was blowing hard against the crumbling walls and, attracted by the flickering light of his torch, the bats were flying in every direction. Little by little Edward felt a numbness creeping over his body, his eyelids grew heavier and his head became dizzy, he is overpowered by fatigue. Placing his pistols on an old table near him, he sank into an arm chair, and fell into a deep slumber. Soon fantastic shapes pass before his eyes, moanful groans and fiendish peals of laughter sound in his affrighted ears. The door suddenly opens, a gigantic white-robed spectre enters the hall dragging along on the floor a lengthy, pondrous chain. He stretches forth his fleshless hand towards an invisible point, and with a

menacing gesture bids Edward to follow him instantly. As the terrified officer refuses to do his bidding, the spectre pulls from under his robe a glittering blade, lifts it on high and stalking along with measured steps, threatens to strike the soldier.

Edward tries to shout, but his paralyzed tongue sticks to his palate; he endeavors to rise, his feet cleave to the floor. With a sardonic smile the phantom retreats towards the door, stops an instant to throw back the cowl which hid his hideous skull, and hurriedly rushes toward the terrified officer. Edward leaps from his chair, seizes his pistols, aims at the horrible spectre and fires. The loud report awakes him; he is covered with the blood of his beloved Alfred, writhing at his feet in the last throes of death.

THE POEM OR THE NOVEL?

BY C. ANDRE LELONG, '01.

ARE there more advantages to be derived from reading a good novel, than from reading a good poem? Most people would be inclined to give an affirmative answer to this question, and, indeed, on first thoughts it would seem to be so.

Let us look at the matter from a business or commercial point of view. In every line of business, only those goods are kept in stock for which there is a demand. We would smile at the clothier who would put up for sale clothes in the style worn by our great-grandfathers. He would be a very poor grocer, indeed, who would stock his store with an inferior grade of sugar. There is no demand for such goods. The people derive no advantage from them. So when we go into a bookseller's store and

see spread out on his tables and shelves long lines of novels and look almost in vain for a few books of poetry, we naturally say to ourselves: "This man must find that the sale of novels pays better than the sale of poetry." We conclude also that people prefer novels to poetry. Now the people generally know what they are about. If the grade of literature on the market branded "Novel" is the choice of the people, that must be the grade that the people find most advantageous to them. And so it would seem, looking at the matter from a business point of view, that a man is more benefited by novel reading than by reading poetry.

All this would appear to be true, we have said, on first thoughts, but if we examine the matter more

closely, we will succeed, I am sure, in arriving at conclusions exactly the opposite. There are two kinds of advantages to be derived from everything good, those of a passing nature and those of a permanent

Suppose I take a pleasure trip through the country, and, as I journey along, now over beautiful stretches of prairie, now through the rich lowlands, or in the shadow of some lofty hills, spending a few days in this progressive city, or in that historic spot, but all the while paying no particular attention to the scenery and the various incidents along the way, but simply steaming along towards the end of my trip, I have not, indeed, gained nothing by my journey, but the advantages that have accrued to me are so trivial, that they vanish in a very short space of time. The unobserving traveller is the type of the average novel reader. He rushes through the print and steams along towards the end of the plot, without ever stopping to consider the beauties of thought, much less the excellencies of style that may be scattered along his literary road. As there is a certain charm in being able to say "I visited this city," or "I passed through that place in my travels," so also the chronic novel reader feels himself in duty bound to be able to say at the mention of any novel "I was there," "I read that." Now the man who gives himself over to the reading of poetry may be compared to the observant traveller, who brings his note-book along,

that what he cannot remember, he may jot down.

You cannot, if you understand what you are reading, go in a straight line through a poem as you might through a novel. In a hundred lines of a poem, there is often more beauty of thought and even of cast of thought than in four or five hundred pages of a novel. But, of course, to find thought, thought is required, and people are not willing to think. This may be the reason why poetry is not a popular form of literature.

A poem is a work of art, and to appreciate it as such, the reader must have taste. By taste we mean a keen insight into the beautiful in art and nature. Now taste in matters of art is not altogether inborn. To acquire it there is need of long and careful training and this is the very thing that is lacking in those who stand up for the cause of the novel, those literary autocrats within whose charmed circle no one is allowed to step who has not read the latest novel on the stalls.

Let those who think that all the beauty of thought there is, is to be found in the modern novel read with care some such poem as "The Lady of the Lake" and it will strike them, I fancy, that there is much beauty in the poem. But no, the novel readers' taste for the delicate viands of literature has been utterly destroyed, let them go their way and feed full on the coarse diet of their novels, these literary clay-eaters of the century.

TIME.

Upwards, comrades, nothing stay ye,
Up the hill of knowledge climb;
Lose no moment—'t will repay ye—
Time is short, and life is Time.

MAY DAY.

Blow gentle zephyr of the new-born May,
 Thou perfumed breath of Tempe's lovely vale,
 Come hither kissing Peneus on thy way,
 With all Thessalia's sweetest gifts the infant summer hail.

Breathe on the land a white December cloaked,
 The morning most share with the King of East,
 And from the soil that April's tears have soaked
 Sweet petals call, and blossoms ope, to share the morning feast.

Pale star of morning growing silv'ry faint,
 Too modest 'neath Apollo's eye to stay
 As earlier now his rays all heaven paint
 Do thou this month, of all most fair, an earlier visit pay.

On Daphne glance with look more ardent now,
 Thou pride of Delos and Latona's pride,
 Beneath the laurel and the olive bow
 The placid waters genial make where noble Swan may ride.

Yet with a sister's power to control,
 Thou chaste Diana, thy bright starry veil
 O'er new-clad hills, o'er valleys green unroll,
 Where hyacinthine petals bloom with varied tint and pale.

Beloved of Venus, Cupid's mighty sire,
 While Syrian maids in joy put tears away
 As now Adonis lives, thy forging fire
 On Etna's summit keep unkindled for the month of May.

Sicilian Enna's pride, the Attic's boast,
 Of Antient Saturn, Ceres, daughter fair,
 Come Goddess visiting our Western coast,
 Breath on our fields, the corn bring forth a play-toy to the air.

Thou God twice born of Semele and Jove,
 With such a touch as to the Phrygian king
 Thou once didst lend, now thatch our summer grove
 With golden leaves to shield the grape where ivy cannot cling.

Lord of the Hyle and of Arcadia's hill,
 With lowing cattle and the humming bee,
 O Mighty Pan, the field and hive refill,
 And make our streams, as Ladon once, resound with melody.

But haste Aurora, don thy saffron gown,—
 Thy lily horses champ the golden bit,—
 Thy chariot mount, of gold and rosy brown,
 Haste, May-morn waits, come, ope the gates, and all her train admit.

F. M.

A SCIENTIFIC LETTER.

BY ALBERT FOSSIER, '99.

MY DEAR COUSIN: You wish, I see, to impose on me the heavy task of answering your three questions. The first, "How can the earth be weighed? the second, "How can the distance from the sun to the earth be measured? and the last, "How can the moon be weighed?"

I do not know your intention in asking me these questions, but they remind me of a story which I have heard. "Once a German emperor, while traveling through his dominions, stopped in an important abbey. He learned that the abbot was very incapable and uneducated. Immediately he wanted to dismiss him, but however, to give him a chance to defend himself, he asked him three questions, allowing him a day to answer them, or hand in his resignation. The first was, "What is the weight of the moon? the second, "How much am I worth? and the third, "What is my thought?"

The miller of the place happened to come to see the abbot on some business, and finding him so dejected inquired the cause of his trouble. The abbot related to him the interview he had with the prince. The good man answered: "Lend me your cassock, and all will be right; do not fear." So at the appointed time, the miller, disguised as the abbot, was introduced to the emperor. "Your fate depends upon your answers to my questions," said the emperor. "Now for the first question. What is the weight of the moon?" The miller answered: "Sire, it weighs four quarters." "Passable," said the emperor. "Now, let us see the second. How much am I worth?" and again the miller responded, "Our Lord Jesus Christ was sold

for thirty pieces of silver, and your majesty could hardly complain if he were valued at much less." "Very well! Very well!" exclaimed the ruler, "but now, let us see the last. What is my thought?" "Sire, your thought is that I am the abbot, but I am only his miller?" The prince was so pleased that he spared the abbot in consideration of his miller.

As for me, I am perhaps more learned than you think. Here is the answer to your questions. The earth has been measured in several ways. I'll tell you the first and perhaps the best. Cavendish found, by actual experiment, how much a leaden ball, one foot in radius, attracted a body near it. From this he easily calculated how much, according to Newton's law of universal gravitation, a leaden ball of the size of the earth would attract. And he proved that a body placed on it would weigh twice as much as on the earth. This shows that the earth is half as dense as that leaden ball, that is about five and a half times as dense as water; and the weight of such a sphere is easily calculated, the radius of the earth being known. Therefore, your problem is solved, and the answer is six sextillions of tons, more or less.

The distance of the sun has also been measured in several ways. I choose the shortest and easiest to understand. James Bradley, an illustrious astronomer, who died A. D. 1762, by the aberration of light, which he first observed, proved that the velocity of light is 10,089 times greater than that of the earth on its orbit. Light would travel in 52 minutes and 8.5 seconds through the nearly circular orbit which the earth

takes 365½ days to describe. From this it is easy to calculate that to travel over the radius of the same orbit, in other words to come from the sun, light takes 498 seconds. Now, the velocity of light being known and also the time it takes to come from the sun to the earth, the problem is solved. The velocity of light, 186,000 miles in one second, multiplied by 498 seconds will give 92,628,000 miles, which is the answer.

For the last I'll give you a better answer than the miller. All the datas and formulas necessary for the solution of the problem are extremely difficult to under-

stand, and were I to explain them to you it would be of no avail, but produce much confusion in your girlish head. Would you believe it, it is much easier to weigh the sun, which is 110 times further than the moon, and even Jupiter, which is five times further than the sun, than to weigh the moon? for they have satellites, and by their attraction on those satellites their weight can easily be calculated. But for your own satisfaction, the moon weighs 80 times less than the earth.

I am as ever, your devoted cousin.

A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

BY ROBERT FLAUTT, '03.

LIKE a sweet summer's dream in fairyland, at the foot of the Alsatian mountains, nestles the old town of Thann. Although desolation has spread her dark wings over the country which the German tyrant has torn from the fatherland, yet nature still is fondly profuse of her richest gifts in that dear old spot, and grace finds there her home. The town is divided into two distinct sections, the old, with its majestic cathedral, that bespeaks the lost art of past centuries, when faith spoke yet in these lofty towers and elegant spires; and the new, with all the modern hum and whirl of the weaving loom. Immense pine forests sighed to the breezes, where now the swallow builds her welcome nest, and the stork brings the glad tidings of returning spring.

One evening a pilgrim passed these silent woods and rapt in sweet commune with God, he had not perceived that his path had

strayed far away from the homes of men. He heard not the silver bell that rang out the Angelus from the manor chapel; softer music lulled his mind to loftier thoughts, when on a sudden the pall of night cast its gloom over the solitary traveller. He stopped and under his feet he heard the mountain source murmur, as it leaped along its pebbled bed, and sitting down on its mossy bank he dipped his dry morsel of bread in the brook and there spent the night. He stuck his staff into the ground and leaned it against a giant oak, that shaded on a summer's day the babbling brook.

Early dawn found the pilgrim at his morning prayer, and he joined his prayer to the song of the lark, even as his evening orisons had mingled their thankful praises to the soul-stirring music of the nightgale.

Strengthened by the soft repose of sleep and the morning manna of prayer, he arose to continue

his journey towards his far off home. But lo! when he tried to pull out his stick, it would not yield to his repeated efforts. The help of several peasants that passed by that way proved of no avail; all their united efforts were unable to wrest from the sod the staff that seemed to cling to it, like the huge rocks that crowned the Alsatian mountain heights.

The pilgrim's sore plight and the miraculous story spread around the neighboring hills and dales, and soon the pious villagers streamed to the spot to witness this wondrous marvel. And again night descended from the rock-crowned heights and still the pilgrim waited and prayed that God would restore to him that stick, his dearest treasure here on earth.

That night from his castle of Engelburg, the manor lord saw three brilliant lights hovering over the pine forests, and his pious daughter too perceived from her window the strange flames that shed a wondrous light far over the valley of the Thurr. At daybreak the lord, with a large suite, hastened to the spot to solve the mystery. He found at the foot of the spreading oak an immense concourse of peasants, all in terrible awe and joining their simple prayers to the fervent aspirations of the unhappy pilgrim.

He too having learned the cause of this vast gathering round this holy traveller, tried to pull out the staff, but with no better success. The nobleman much astonished at this wonder and feeling deeply moved by this visible sign of God's power, said to the pilgrim: "Holy man, for the glory of God I bid thee give a faithful account of all that has happened to this staff. If my mind misgives me not you will tell us a strange story."

Still on his knees and with many

tears, the stranger answered: "Noble lord, I obey your command; for assuredly your desire is not prompted by idle curiosity but by a pious wish to share with me the gifts of God.

"You see before you the old servant of the holy bishop Theobald. For eighteen years I served him faithfully, without ever claiming any wages, for I knew full well that he spent all he had on his poor. But the Good Shepherd has called to him his saintly pastor, and the summons of death found him in the monastery of Engubio. Weeping and broken with grief I kissed for the last time the ring of my beloved master, and he, even in the agony of death, did not forget his humble servant. He bequeathed to me as a parting gift, a remembrance of his great love, that ring which thousands had kissed with pious veneration. "Before they shall have lowered me, said he, to my last resting place, take away this ring and God shall reward you by its means for your loving fidelity."

I obeyed his last command, for I desired to keep forever near me that precious relic of my saintly bishop. But, O wonder! When I tried to slip off the golden ring, the finger that wore it, came off too and despite all my efforts I could not separate them. A great fear seized me at this strange wonder, but I dared not mention it to anybody. I hollowed out my travelling stick and hid in it the precious gift. Longing to see again my native land, the fertile plains of Brabant, I set out accompanied by the holy memory and invisible protection of the holy bishop. Having crossed the Alps, I had rested here for the night, but on awaking I could not pull out the stick with its precious burden."

"Pilgrim," exclaimed the noble lord of Engleburg, "the will of God seems manifest to me. I make a solemn vow to build a chapel on this very spot to the pious servant of God, if I can wrest from the soil your pilgrim's staff."

Saying this the knight seized the stick and pulled it out with an effort. With loud sobs and tears of joy the manor lord of his vassals thanked God and his sainted bishop for this miracle. With one voice they asked for the relic and

the pilgrim easily yielded his richest treasure to these fervent peasants, but the lord rewarded him amply for his generous offering.

The rich chapel erected on the spot of prodigy was soon unable to hold the vast throngs that flocked thither to venerate the relic and it was replaced by that gem of gothic architecture, round which cluster the town of Tann, the Cathedral, that perpetuates among these villagers the miracle of St. Theobald, their patron and powerful protector.

CÆSAR AND THE HELVETIANS.

BY JOSEPH WALSH, '03.

BEFORE the reign of the Cæsars there dwelt in Switzerland a brave and noble race, known as the Helvetians. For a people so numerous their territory was too small and nature had literally wedged them in between lofty mountain ranges.

Away to the west could have been seen the lordly Jura Mountains, their tops covered with perpetual snow and their bases concealed by the tall forest pines. Towards the north writhed and foamed the mighty Rhine, moving on its impetuous course along the side of the Hercynian Mountains. Far, far to the south might have been descried the Rhone, on both sides of which the high peaks of the Alps shot boldly into the air.

The Helvetians were a war-like nation who had long desired to move from their territory and live on the other side of the mountains, for they were in a dangerous condition if attacked by their enemies.

Their country being very small it afforded them no chance to satisfy their desire for military fame, and to quench their thirst for

conquest. Like the king of the forest imprisoned in a cage, they wandered up and down devising some means by which they could escape and be at liberty to roam. There were but two ways through which the Helvetians could reach the lovely banks of the Garonne and the fertile plains of Aquitaine. One through the Jura Mountains very narrow and difficult where the mountains shot their impending cliffs across the road, so that a few enemies could guard it easily. The other through the Roman province.

Through this latter the Helvetians determined to pass. For this purpose Orgetorix had been sent to smooth the way by gaining the friendship of the neighboring tribes.

The time appointed for the departure came at last and the Helvetians having burnt their villages and towns were ready to start.

This news reached Cæsar, the Roman general, at Rome, and he hastened to Geneva to foil their plans. Here he was met by ambassadors, the noblest and richest



COLLEGE NINE.



men of the tribe. They came to sue for an unmolested passage through the Roman province.

The acute general replied that he would take time for deliberation and bade them return on the Ides of April.

In the meantime Cæsar fortified the road through the province and prepared for an attack. On the return of the ambassadors he told them that it was against the laws of the Roman people to grant them their request. When the news of this treachery was announced to the assembly they cursed the arrogance of their

haughty neighbors and vowed to their gods that they would force a passage or die in the attempt. Many of them were killed in this foolhardy attack, and in despair the unfortunate Helvetians retraced their steps and resolved to try the pass through the Jura Mountains.

Again Cæsar threw himself into their way and having defeated them near Bibracte, he sent them back to rebuild the villages they had destroyed. Only 110,000 out of 368,000 returned home, the others had fallen victims to the treachery of the Roman people.

IS THIS A GHOST STORY ?

BY EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

I DO not undertake to explain the cause of the strange noises that were heard at night in our house. At the end of my story I will relate what old Aunt Mandy, the cook, firmly believed and what Hector, the coachman, laid down as the last word on the matter. Anyhow, after the recurrence of these noises twice during a space of three months, my father determined to give up the house.

I was fourteen years old when papa was elected district attorney of Washington county, and his election necessitated our moving into Alton, the county seat. We took a house out on Mayville road in the suburbs of the city. It was set well back from the road and hidden from view by a grove of cedar trees; from this the place was called "The Cedars." When I tell you it was built by one of the Paynes in the good old days of the South, you will understand what kind of a house it was,—one of those massive, white buildings, with heavy, imposing columns, of

a type such as our grandfathers would never dream of deviating from, and not one of your modern, hole-and-corner, Queen Anne affairs, that must surely make our stately ancestors turn in their graves.

We left our place in the country towards the end of September, and it was with great regret that I took a long last look at the old house. Not a small part of my grief was caused by the thought that the fall and winter months are the happiest of the country boy's year, and as my uncle Frank had made me the proud possessor of a gun on my birthday in July, I had looked forward to some very rare sport among the squirrels and the robins and the doves. But all my expectations were scattered to the winds by papa's nomination and election as district attorney. He entered on the duties of his office as soon as we were settled down in our new home. I was put to school at Miss Randall's, about a mile down the road and

made the trip there every day on my pony. Everything went well for the first month.

One night, however, we were all startled—that is, my father and mother, my older brother, my two sisters and myself were startled—by strange noises in the house. It was after midnight. Without, the cold, crisp moon was shining from a cloudless sky, the stars seemed to grow pale in the presence of their more majestic sister, the air was still and calm; every object stood sharply defined in the frosty moonlight. I was awakened by a low crackling sound that seemed to proceed from the garret directly above my room. There were three distinct dull cracks, with a brief pause between each, and then all was silence again. I lay in bed for a few minutes, fearful that the noise might begin anew, but everything remaining quiet I got up and gently opening my door peeped out into the hall-way. There I saw my brother Walter's head stealing out from his slightly opened door to see if he might discover the origin of the mysterious sounds.

"Did you hear it too?" I asked in whispered tones.

"Hear it? Why it was somebody moving in the loft over my head," he answered.

"It seemed to me as if it were over my head. It's mighty funny," I rejoined.

By this time the whole family was on the scene.

"What do you mean by prowling around the house at this hour of the morning?"

"It was not us, sir," said Walter, timorously, "we just came out to see what caused the noise."

My father knew by his face and his tone of voice that he meant what he said. Mamma and the girls were beginning to turn pale. I was very brave and suggested

that we start an investigation. Papa said it might be burglars or it might be the wind moving some of the blinds and making them creak, there was no telling.

"But, Papa, there is not a breath of air stirring to-night," put in Walter.

He saw the force of this mild objection and, turning towards his room, said: "Well get your guns, boys, while I go for my pistols, and we'll see who has been causing this disturbance."

I was delegated to remain below while Papa and Walter went up to search the garret. They noiselessly raised the trap-door and disappeared. Papa was pretending all the time not to be afraid, because he did not want to frighten us, but still he was not a little alarmed. We waited patiently in the hall-way, expecting at every moment to hear the report of a fire-arm break in on the solemn stillness of the night. Seconds grew into minutes and minutes into hours, so intense was the state of our excitement. We were almost disappointed when we saw the searchers coming down from the garret. All the rooms in the house were then gone through and with the same result—not a living being to be found anywhere. Very much scared by our experience we retired to our rooms, but, I fancy, there was very little sleeping done for the rest of that night. I know I tossed around in my bed, trying to convince myself that I ought not to have been so easily frightened, that the sounds existed chiefly in my own imagination, but I was not very successful in my efforts at self-conviction. Objections to the arguments I used cropped up on all sides. I might have been only half-awake when the first rumbling took place, but I could not have been deceived as

to the second and the third. Then how was it that all the others heard the same noise, too? Surely everybody was not dreaming. Why did they all look on the whole thing as mysterious? What thief would think of entering a house on such a night as this? And so through the long morning hours I kept a weary vigil and view the occurrence as I would, I could not but regard it as weird, unearthly and very much akin to all I had heard and read of the ways of the world of spirits.

I was aroused from my troubled reveries by another sound, this time a familiar and welcome one, issuing from the kitchen, where old Aunt Mandy was grinding the morning coffee. I made very short work of my dressing and toilet and was in the kitchen before Aunt Mandy was aware of my presence.

"Good morning, Auntie!"

"Lawd bless yo' chile! How come yo's down an' aroun' so early dis mawning? Sometin' sho's gwine ter happen ter-day."

"Oh! I just couldn't sleep, Auntie, so I thought I'd come down and get some of the first coffee."

"Huh! yo' young gemmen's git-ting like yo' Pappys and Mammys, caint sleep! caint sleep! What business yo' done got not sleeping on a frosty mawning like dis, dat's what I wants ter know. I 'speck Mars' Will, yo's been dreaming how sweet dem 'simmons gwine ter be when de fust fros' strikes dem an' yo' want ter be out early ter tas'e dem."

During this conversation Aunt Mandy was shuffling about the kitchen preparing my cup of coffee. I knew by her tones and the frequent grunts that punctuated her remarks that she was aware that something out of the ordinary had occurred or was about to occur, so I thought it more pru-

dent, as she would find it all out anyhow, sooner or later, to tell her the whole story. She had poured out my coffee when I began and she listened with such silent attention that I could not help throwing in a few details out of the storehouse of my fancy to make my narrative more appalling.

When I finished she made great pretence of being busy and, bustling around the kitchen, said:

"Yo' better run erlong, honey, and see erbout dem 'simmons back er de house. I speck dey's waiting fer you. Huh! I done tole ole Marse Willie, 'fore we come down hyar fum de country, he didn't have no business takin' one dese hyar ole city houses, what he doan know nuthin' erbout. How yo' reckun he's gwine ter know who's been puttin' a hoodoo on dis place. Huh! Dey's all got hants in dem, dese city houses."

Aunt Mandy was thoroughly indignant and still more terrified, for if there is anything the negro fears it is a "hant." I, deeming prudence the better part of valor, quietly withdrew from the scene, for she was beginning to handle the kitchen utensils very roughly, and as I stepped back into the house I heard her remark something about folks having no business to fool with "dese sperits and hants and sichlike," which remark she emphasized by a vigorous bang of the door that led into the scullery.

At breakfast the conversation naturally turned on the events of the night. Papa and Mamma tried to make light of the affair, but they were not very successful. All were of the opinion, however, that if the noise did not return within a short time we had better leave the matter rest.

Things resumed their regular course again; papa was kept busy

in the court, I was interested in my books, and we had practically consigned the memory of that early November night to the realms of oblivion. The weather during the greater part of November and December had been very pleasant, in fact warm, but one evening about a week before Christmas there was a sudden change. A chilling north wind set in at three o'clock, at sundown the wind had fallen, the heavens cleared and all was ready for a hard frost, which, indeed, came that night. We recollected afterwards that it was just another such a night as that on which the mysterious sounds were heard. The clock at the head of the staircase had groaned out a solemn warning that one hour of the new day had passed. The striking of the clock happened, by some strange fatality, to awaken me, and having drawn up the bed-clothes and tucked them cozily about my neck, I was settling down for a good sleep, when—could it be possible, I asked myself, that those were the strange noises again?—there was no mistake about the similarity, the sounds had left too deep an impression on my brain to be erased in one month's time. I sprang up and, hastily vesting, rushed out into the hall-way. Papa and Walter were on the scene, too.

"Come on, boys, we will settle this matter for good now," said papa.

All three of us ascended the attic armed. There was no intruder to be seen. Papa raised the skylight and went out on the roof. He returned in a minute and reported the roof clear. We were all completely persuaded that the sounds issued from the neighborhood of the garret or roof and yet after a careful search on two separate occasions we could discover

no obvious explanation as to their origin. What were we to do now? Things had come to a very pretty plight, indeed. We felt that a discussion of the situation at that hour of the morning would be of slight value, so with the exchange of a very few words we betook ourselves to our beds, and I, managing to keep my waking thoughts off the distressing subject, soon found myself in a dreamland of ghosts and goblins and spooks.

Next day we glided about the house as if we were criminals. Papa was very silent and, from his manner, we knew that he was going to take some action in the matter. He announced as he was leaving for court that he intended to call on the real estate agent from whom he had purchased the house and learn its history and thus, perhaps, be able to clear up the mystery.

The real estate agent's story was: "The Cedars" was built by Judge Payne some twenty years ago. The family was then in affluence, but reverses came soon and so saddened the heart of the old judge that he pined away and died. The place was sold at auction and bought by a Northern speculator, who at that time was making a great stir in financial circles in our city. He went on a trip to his old home in the North and returned with a beautiful young bride and moved into "The Cedars." The couple entertained lavishly, and in the end succeeded in crossing the threshold of the most exclusive set in society. The man, moreover, won the esteem and confidence of the poor of the city and established for their benefit "The Mutual Loan and Homestead Association," in which they invested all their earnings. One cold morning in December, two years ago, the word flew from lip to lip that the office of the associ-

ation was closed and a notice posted on the window reading: "Fooled! Don't try to catch me; I'm too clever for this town." A telephone message to "The Cedars" was answered by the information that the speculator had not come home the night before. Many a hearth-stone was cold and sad that day, many a happy home was ruined and made desolate by the villany of that man. When sympathizers went to call on his wife they found her a raving maniac; Her friends were notified and came and brought her home, where she shortly died. "The Cedars" went into the hands of the court and was left in a neglected condition until I got control of it. I repaired and painted it and put the galvanized steel roof on it, and you, sir, are the first to occupy the house since the improvements were made." Such was the real estate agent's story as papa related it to us at the supper table. We looked at each other when he had finished the recital and it was plain that we could not live in the house any longer. There seemed to be a sufficient amount of disagreeable points in its history to explain, in a general way, the mysterious noises. Hector, our coachman, and Aunt Mandy had found out early in the day what had occurred the previous night and had quietly set an investigation afoot among the servants of the neighborhood as to the antecedents of the house. I overheard this conversation in the kitchen:

"Sis' Mandy, has yo' heerd erbout de man who useter live in dish yere place?"

"Yes, Unc' Heck, I axed de cullud pusson dat takes de washin' an' she done tole me all erbout it. Who's a gwineter be 'stonished dey's hants hyar atter de scandalous aks o' dat man?"

"Yes, yes, Sis' Mandy, I do hope an' trus' in de Lord, Mars' Will 'll git outen dish house befo' dem sperits comes agin. He nee'nter be a stoppin' an' a thinkin', kaze as sho's yo' fool wid ole Satun yo'll git tuck in."

There was a pause in the dialogue and I felt that some solemn pronouncement was coming.

"I say onto yo' Unc' Heck Johnson, as sho'ly as de devil lives an' trimbles befo' de face o' de Lord, so sho'ly does de sperit of dat woman dat Yankee man druv' mad come in de middle er de frosty night to hant dis house; an' de sperits er de cullud people an' de po' white folks dat he tricked and brought onto despair walk erbroad when de moon is bright to tell Mars' Will dat he dwell no mo' in de house er de onholy one. An' I say onto yo', Mars' Will if yo' heark not ter de warnin' er der sperits, distruckshun an' damnashun er acoming on yo' an' yourn!"

"A-amen!" moaned Uncle Hector.

The scene, though in many respects ludicrous, was on the whole quite dramatic, and it was plain that Aunt Mandy had wrought herself up to the highest pitch of excitement.

Papa made immediate arrangements for vacating the house and we moved into one whose history, he was careful to ascertain, was bound up with no unsavory incidents.

Another lawyer, a very matter-of-fact sort of man, rented "The Cedars" not long after, and was one day heard to remark as he was going down the court house steps:

"By George, it's well I didn't forget my wife's commission. That pesky old steel roof on our house scared us considerably last night. It appears not to have been put on well and when the

sudden fall in the mercury came, the old thing started to shrink and contract and sounded as if some one in the garret were playing ninepins with cannon balls. I was frightened but my wife said it was only the roof and told me to be send up a tinsmith."

Papa was standing near the man when he said this, and it seemed to him as if everybody in the street was smiling and looking at him.

We had never made public the reason why we had left "The Cedars" and we were more than ever careful to keep it secret now.

When I suggested the roof as a possible explanation to Aunt Manday, she said:

"Git erway fum hyar, chile; doan' yo' tell me dat; it's de sperits er der dead roamin' erbroad in the valley er de shadder er death."

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

BY P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

TAKING leave of my friends at the murky and smoky railway station, I made my way into a Pullman car and there took a comfortable seat on the shady side. As the train was pulling out of the depot, in came two young fellows and dropped into a seat in front of me. We were passing over a bridge, which extended across a stretch of prairie land, dotted here and there with great lagoons, with their fragrant lotus and snowy lilies, and through which the duck and teal revelled fearless of the huntsman's gun, and where the silent egret stood motionless like a speck of fleecy cloud in an unbroken sky of blue, when one of them remarked:

"This is a lovely sight. After all there is nothing like this up North; 'tis a delicious picture to gaze upon, fair as the Sunny South."

"O, come, Ralph," broke in the other, with a mocking laugh, "why it would not pay to fence this land in. I would'nt invest my money in this for all the world!"

"Neither would I, Paul," responded his friend; "however, grant it your admiration."

"Don't give me such stuff as

admiration, Ralph, it don't pay, you know; one can't live on admiration."

The one addressed lit a cigar, shrugged his shoulders, and began to smoke. All at once the last speaker, turning to me, said:

"Excuse me; are you a college fellow? Where are you bound for?"

"Bound for the Jesuit College in Mobile."

"My friend and myself have just graduated at —— College," said the young man.

It requires but a short time for Jesuit students, though of different colleges, to become acquainted. Like the glance that recognizes friendship, the congenial feeling of brotherhood passed between us, and in the heat of conversation the hours went like minutes and the minutes were not reckoned.

We soon exhausted the favorite topics, the weather, the war in Cuba, and our old Professor's, whose names were like those of father and brother to us. As the conversation, however, became more elevated and intellectual, we touched on subjects literary, historical and scientific.



EDITORIAL STAFF.



Here I could not help marking the difference in my two companions. Ralph was able to speak, now on the sciences, now on historical subjects, now on the men of the day with a flow of language, that captivated my ear and a fervor that carried away my heart and good will. Paul was more at home in Mathematics and in all his discourse he showed something of the sharp, matter-of-fact man, born to manage some large business establishment in a great city. Finally the conversation turned on advantages of a Classical training over the Commercial. A warm discussion was the consequence. I should say that my two companions carried on the conversation, I myself was but an attentive listener. I judged from the discussion that Ralph was a Graduate of the Classical Course, Paul of the Commercial.

"Money and the Sciences," said Paul, "rule the world. Get a business education and you can make money; study the sciences—I mean the mathematical and physical sciences—and you can get up a system of railroads, steam engines, electric cars and everything that booms up our great towns and cities. This is the end and aim of our commercial education, it is just what a man wants in this age of progress."

"My dear friend, replied Ralph, "will any one deny that these things are of importance: no one. But are there not other things of higher importance? Is there nothing beyond money and matter to draw the human mind, to inspire the heart and elevate the soul? Most assuredly there are. Now the Commercial Course is intended merely to train men for the physical sciences, for mathematics and for business life. The Classical Course includes all these but has for its complete object to

develop the intellect, the heart, the taste and the whole man. It gives more time and importance to literature and higher education.

"Descartes, himself a great discoverer in mathematics, says 'that the exclusive study of the sciences warps to some extent the full use of the intellect.' Napoleon, who surely was a business man, and a practical man, says 'the mathematics and physical sciences are but partial educators of the human mind, the proper study of man is literature, because it prepares him for every stage of life and embraces in itself the complete education of the soul.'

"If, however, such authorities as Descartes and Napoleon are not sufficient, you may take your own experience and judge how many great thoughts and noble plans for the good of man and society can be conceived, felt, and put into practice, but cannot be measured by Calculus or the compass.

"Again, take the greatest authors of modern times and consider those who have had the thorough classical training. Take in English a Newman or a De Quincy; take in German a Schiller or a Goethe, in French a Corneille or a Racine, in Italian a Dante or a Tasso, in every one you will find this universal trait. The clearness of his ideas, the refinement of his language, the fountain-like spontaneity and ease with which thought after thought, and sentence after sentence pour themselves out in refreshing streams, proclaim on every side the man whose mind has drunk from the springs of other ages, whose soul responds everywhere to the noble and the sublime, whose language, full of imagery, is fresh from the tides of of classic lore."

As the discourse finished we reached our destination. Since then I have often pictured to my-

self my two companions about to begin their more serious part of life. I consider them as standing on the dividing line between youth and manhood, to choose their future career. No doubt they must reach the same end, to be perfect men. The question is, how shall they climb the mountain heights? By which route? In what manner? Through what difficulties?

Certainly as far as training goes the commercial man shall answer all these questions from the standard of business and the sciences. He shall look upon the future in a matter-of-fact way; the mighty dollar will be his test and motto. But the man of classic training shall view his future career from a standard which looks out not only on the sciences, but on all that can ennoble and elevate man, whether it be from the sciences, or from literature and the arts. We do not blame the former in every respect, he is like a man climbing a mountain height by one straight path over the thorns and rocks and barriers of daily

life. But the other takes a longer, but smoother and calmer path, that looks out on the hills and valleys and crystal streams, which the Almighty made for man to exalt him to the grand, beautiful and sublime. One is taught to bend to the mere facts of life, the other deals in its poetry also.

Should finances fail, should friends prove unfaithful, the commercial man is broken, and the object of the commercial course seems to be lost. To the other remain those friends that live in the tomes of the past, who still speak to us, still cheer and ennoble us and strengthen us for the coming prey. *Pernocant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

But why may we not suppose that success will attend them both? We have reason to expect it. And in that event, who can doubt which of the two will be the greater ornament to society, the more polished citizen, the more refined gentleman, the nobler friend, the more educated man?

A FOX HUNT IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY FERD. V. BECKER, '02.

THE air was cool. A stiff breeze played on our faces as we rode along the gravelled road. The moon would not peep above the horizon for several hours, and the monotonous wail of the wind was broken only by the growling and snarling of our hounds, or the distant hoot of an owl. It was a typical Southern September night.

Bill and I, with Ike our trusty mulatto as M. F. H., owned a small pack of foxhounds, and during the season we made sleep almost an impossibility for our less sport-loving neighbors and business

pretty lively for cunning old Reynard.

"Let us halt here!" said Bill, as we drew rein near an old log house.

Our horses enjoy a lunch of clover and the dogs stretch themselves lazily on our saddle-blankets. Ike whispered words to his old Texas mule, Ramrod, and May Day, Bill's mount, seemed to be anxious to resume the night's work.

"Well, Ike, what do you think of our prospects to-night?" I asked.

"Good luck," answered Ike. "I've been a watchin dem dogs, specially Suh Roger, eber since we started out, an' I seen dem moverin' in a horseshoe paf more dan once. Dat am a good sign, an' Brer Fox bettah dance his last dance, case we'se gwyne ter fetch him sho."

"Ike, I hope you'll prove a prophet. But quick, let us mount. See the moon just rising above the hilltops!"

My beautiful little iron-gray seemed to enjoy the sport, and in fox-hunting she has no equal, excepting, perhaps, May-Day, my father's large sorrel that had been put at Bill's disposal. The clear notes of Ike's horn rang through the woods, and even the mulatto's old Texas mule, Ramrod, caught the spirit of the hunt. With a low yell Ike urges the hounds to the evening's work. The little pack respond at once. It is pretty to see these quick-scented animals, as they move or rather crawl around, always in a circle. They are now beyond the stream, stealthily moving in and out among the bushes. With eagerness do I watch my favorite Nip, a small black fellow whom I had trained. Bill preferred Tuck, and declared that he never saw his equal in Mississippi; but Ike's whole attention is centered on a large tan dog running under the elegant title of Sir Roger.

"Come hyah, Roger! Come hyah my daisy! jes' keep your eyes and nose open and learn dem pups how to hunt fox like a gemmen."

Bill was about to defend his favorite, when Nip gives tongue. My heart jumps into my mouth and I know not whether fear or joy is uppermost in my mind as the pack hurries to the spot. A sneer from Bill and Ike's "I declare! Dat dog am got de jim-jams. He doan' know a fox trail

from a possum scent" set my mind at rest.

The dogs are soon at work again. For a short time we lose sight of them and can only judge of their whereabouts by the slight yelps that reach us at intervals. Ike, whose eye is much quicker than our own, soon points out to us Sir Roger, steadily circling the base of the knoll. He moves around majestically within calling distance of us. The darkey's face brightens as he remarks in my direction: "Yer want ter tell me dat hound ain't edicated. He knows more 'bout his business dan some folks knows 'bout deirs. Look at 'um!" The dog stops suddenly, casts his well-shaped head high, crawls forward two or three yards, repeats the action; but this time with the toss of that head, he flung three short, quick yelps on the air. And now the chase begins in real earnest. We sit listening to the fox-hounds' "music," half eager bark, half agonized yelps, with a wild fluttering of the pulses and a stirring of primeval instincts. Our horses quiver and paw and mouth their bits, tossing white slaver into the air. But the hounds have to get their distance, so we hold back. The M. F. H. waves his hand as we see the last of the pack swim across the creek and we ourselves follow its course along an old bridle path. Few words are exchanged, for riding nervous horses through thickets of black-gum and white-hazel interspersed with scrubby hollies and briars will put to the test even the best horsemanship.

Ike is positive that the hunt will come in our direction. The baying of the dogs is growing quicker, more animated and louder by degrees. Louder still it becomes. Ike is right, they are coming our way.

We fall back a short distance into the woods to get a good view of the sport as it passes us. The fox has a long lead but is somewhat winded; the dogs are yet fresh and making excellent time, with Tuck way in the lead and Sir Roger only with the crowd.

"What's the matter with your daisy now, Ike?" I asked ironically.

"Neber mind. He aint no fool; he am jes calkulating like and taking his time 'bout it. He knows it am gwine ter be a long chase."

We are just ready to give our steeds a little run, when, all of a sudden the barking stops. The last yelps die away in the distance. The silence is like that which follows a terrible explosion, almost death-like. What was the matter? We know only too well. Cunning old Reynard has worked his old game and slipped the dogs. But instantly the spell is broken and the whole pack speed back over the same road. The fox gains a trifle in wind and distance by his trick and heads for the swamp. We canter in their wake hopeful still of at least one good sprint on some flat open, or on the lane between the two plantations right ahead of us.

The swamp and the brush serve the game to no good purpose, the fox sees our pack gaining on him at every bound. He concludes that life must be won by hard running on the open and not by leading the field through thickets and tangles. At once the barking grows louder and nearer: the hunt is coming straight towards us. We draw rein tightly. The fox and dogs burst through the snake fence almost simultaneously. Sir Roger is close to Reynard but Nip is a close second to him.

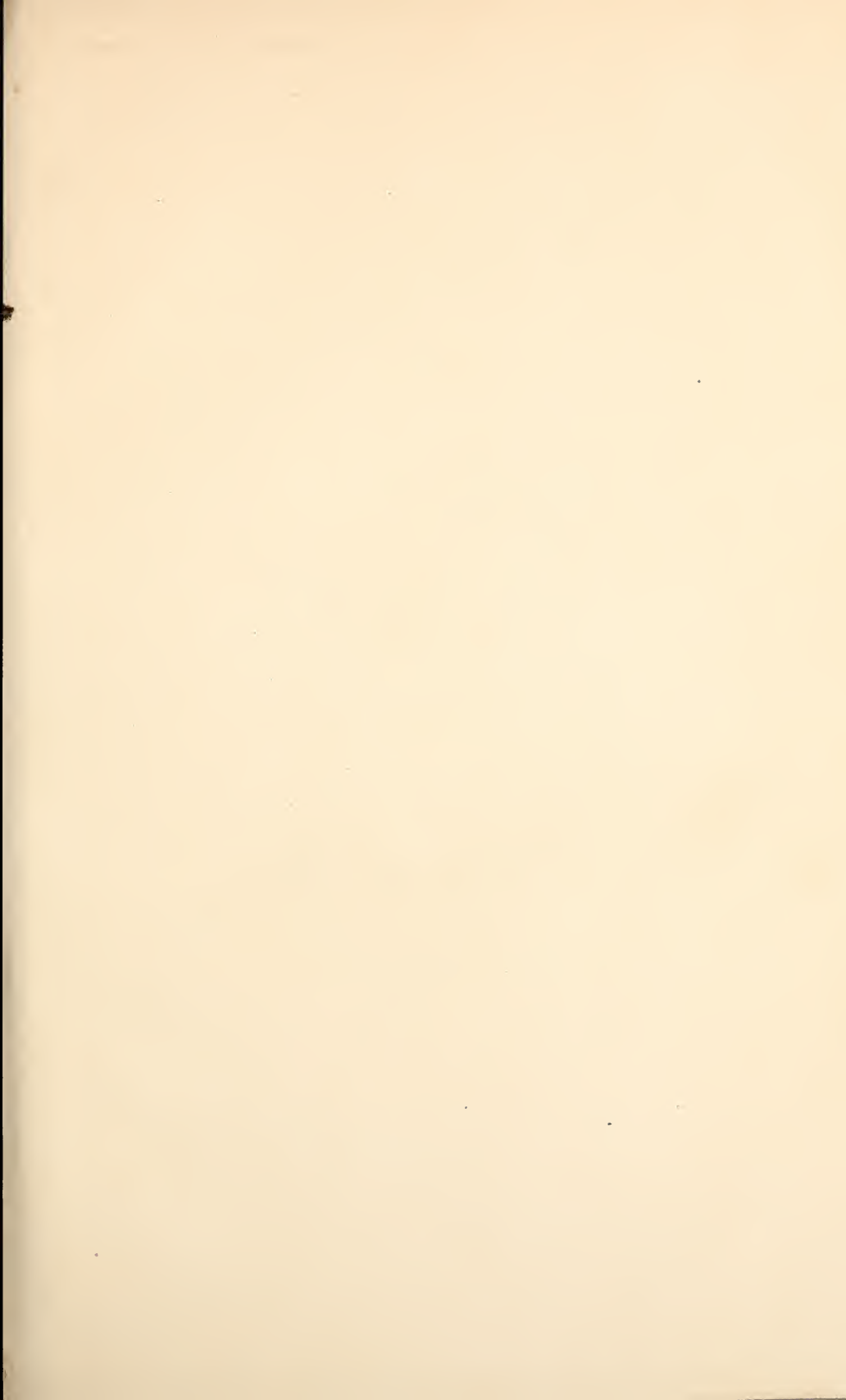
Free rein to our mounts, and only lovers of rough-riding could appreciate our position for the

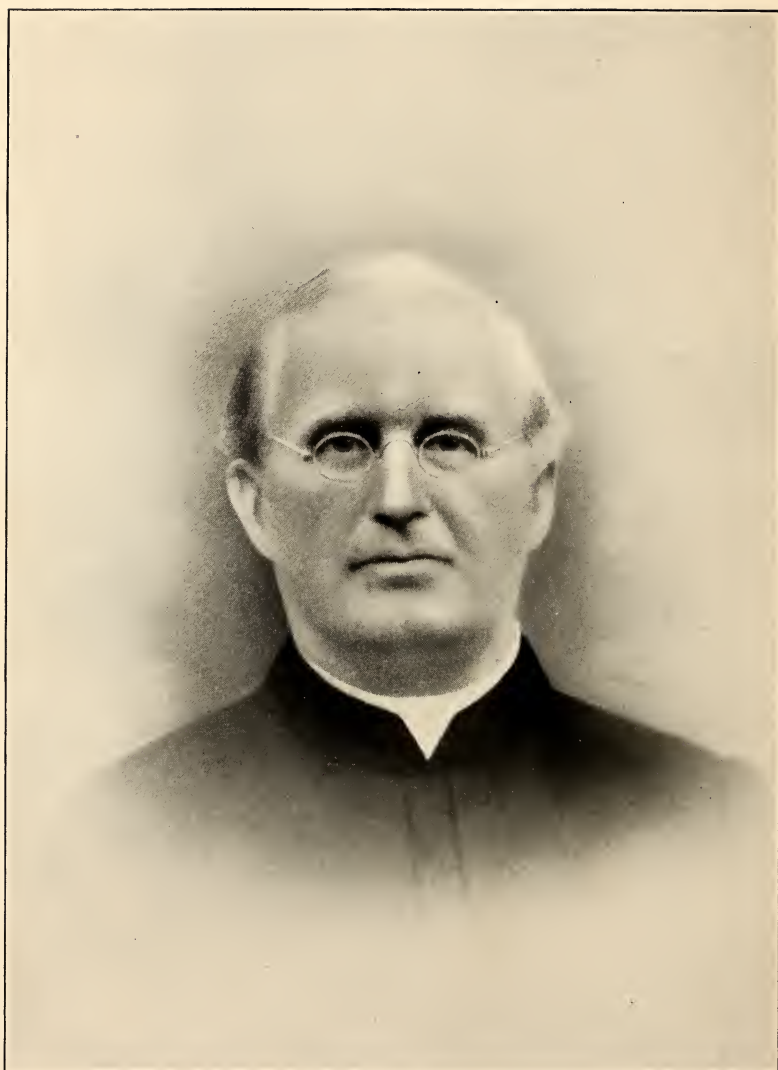
next few minutes. The decayed stumps on the clearing leave us glimpses of the pack as they force the game into the well-kept lane between the plantations. Ike blows his horn with all his might to encourage the dogs. A wild cheer goes up for our little pack. Hardly had its echo reverberated from the adjoining timber, when our excited horses land us in the lane. May Day and my roan are little exhausted by the night's work and they only need a word to make them settle down to business.

"I bet on Pansy" shouted Ike, as he saw us flying over the ground. This settles the question the next two miles shall decide the superiority of our two mounts.

Small pebbles and loose earth are scattered in all directions by four pairs of iron-clad feet. Over hills and gullies we go, both horses are doing their best, but neither of them can get the advantage. For half a mile or more we ride abreast like one horse. Then my pony strikes her foot against a stone, she stumbles, but thanks to my steady hands is on her feet in a second, seemingly encouraged by the ground she had lost. Bill yells out something about "Who said a thoroughbred couldn't stand up on a rough road?" I pretend not to hear him and, setting my teeth, speak a few words to my mare. It was like opening the throttle of a Limited Express. The pretty Roman head came down closer to the ground, the small ears were laid back till the mane almost concealed them and the strong lungs labored as through blazing nostrils the horse inhaled the cooling breeze.

This terrible effort surprised Bill, and May Day did her best to checkmate it. My friend nodded towards the dogs, only a quarter of a mile away and yelled out "Its





REV. DAVID MCKINIRY, S. J.

no use, we have you as certain as the dogs have that fox." And so it appeared, for three or four dogs are ready just at the next jump to arrest the progress of the now exhausted old Reynard. But I, no more than the fox, intended to to give up the race. Just ahead of us was a marshy place some ten or twelve feet wide. We rush at it pell mell. May Day leads by a length. Her rider reins her straight for the narrowest part. But oh! joy, she refuses to jump and I look up just in time to see Ike emerge from the woods ahead of me. He had cut across the field to be in at the death and seeing his favorite forge ahead, makes the woods ring with cheers.

A rough piece of road prevents us from looking around for the fate of my opponent. Soon loud breathing at my mare's flanks notify me of their whereabouts, and glancing round a pretty sight meets my view. The thoroughbred's bony head is outstretched

and down to the level of the withers, the thin dainty ears laid flat, the crimson nostrils widely spread and the eyes glaring with fierce eagerness. It is a glorious rally, but to no effect.

Just a hundred yards ahead of us the chase is coming to a close. The fox is exhausted and the hounds are gaining every second. They make one supreme effort. One final bound and a big black dog has ended the sport. Fox and dogs become one tangled mass. I am one hundred feet from the death struggle. A last spurt and my roan has won her race. Ike comes to meet us and, holding up the fox with Roger at his side, he shouts with a triumphant smile as broad as his black face: "Didn't I low ter you dat ole foxey couldn't stan' no show 'gin me an' my boss houn' hyah? We're got 'im, eh, Roger, an' we'se gwine ter hold 'im. He done stole his las' chicken."

REV. DAVID McKINIRY, S. J.

FOURTEENTH PRESIDENT OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

BY M. A. C.

LITTLE more than two years have elapsed since the death of the zealous and learned Father McKiniry and though he passed from amongst us so recently, scarcely an effort has been made to embalm the memory of a saintly and gracious priest, who labored untiringly and with a great heart for the glory of God and the well-being of his fellow creatures on three continents.

David McKiniry was born near Lismore, a town close to Waterford, the "*urbs intacta*," Ireland, February 5th, 1830. It is well known that the people of Water-

ford are remarkable for their tender piety, love for the Catholic faith and a sort of praise-worthy pride in fidelity to the duties which it imposes. These qualities shone conspicuously in the parents of this worthy Father. He was not the first nor the last priest who did honor to his name, in fact his was truly a Levitical family. In his pious home he was carefully reared by his virtuous parents, and soon evinced an inclination for the priesthood, which they perceived with delight and tenderly fostered by their prayers and good example. While still a mere boy

he was placed at St. John's Diocesan College, Waterford, where he studied with much success. He was greatly beloved by his professors and fellow students for his amiable disposition, and respected for his uprightness and straightforwardness. Indeed at all periods of his life he had the courage of his convictions and even of his opinions and was considered a thoroughly honest if not a bold man.

From childhood he had a great taste for reading and devoted to it every spare moment. Once, when speaking with the writer, of the Very Rev. Dr. Cooke, formerly President of the Waterford College, Father McKiniry mentioned his habit of sitting up late at night to read his favorite books and recalled how the saintly President, finding him asleep over his volumes merely removed the light which was in dangerous proximity to the boy's head,—a mode of correction which Father McKiniry, over fifty years later, affectionately characterized as "extremely gentle."

In due time young McKiniry was transferred to Maynooth where he kept up his character for studious habits and gentlemanly deportment. He is still affectionately remembered by some of the older priests in Ireland, among them Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., the accomplished editor of the Irish Monthly. Like Father Russell, while still at Maynooth he felt a strong call to the Society of Jesus which he joined on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and the day of its Definition, December 8th, 1854. For a short time he was Professor at Clonglowes Wood College, the principle college of the Jesuits in Ireland. Here he endeared himself to his pupils several of whom the writer has heard speak of the young

professor with affection and esteem.

In 1856 he received orders to proceed to America. On the eve of leaving his native land he paid a short visit to his home to take leave of his mother. During the night he awoke and found her sitting by his bedside his face bathed with her tears while she addressed to him the most endearing words. With great presence of mind, under the circumstances, he pretended to be asleep, but he did not expose himself to such a temptation again, for he said "he could never stand another scene like that."

He was Professor of Rhetoric at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., for three years, and immediately afterwards occupied the same chair at Spring Hill College, which also was the witness of his closing labors.

Soon after he returned to Ireland with Father Robert Kelly, S. J., and was sent to Australia on business connected with the Society. Persecution had but recently ceased in the Island Continent, and the good Father had the melancholy satisfaction of visiting the horrible dungeons in which his two uncles, priests, suffered and died for the faith in the "dark and evil days."

Having finished the work to which he was appointed in Australia he passed some time in the University town of Louvain. (1871) After spending about a year in the Jesuit College at St. Louis, Mo., he was appointed principal preacher at the Jesuit Church, New Orleans, 1873-1874. During this period he gave many missions and preached retreats in several convents. He was particularly friendly to the religious communities in which he ministered, and the religious who had the privilege of being directed by him always re-

garded him as a father and friend to whom they could apply in any emergency, and who deemed it a privilege to be able to aid them to the utmost of his power. He was also much beloved by the clergy, regular and secular, and had many sincere friends among them.

Between 1872-1884 he delivered a series of lectures for the benefit of St. Joseph's University at Beyrouth, Syria, and contributed materially to the founding of that famous seat of learning, the pride of the Society in eastern lands. From 1884 to 1888 Father McKiniry was President of the Spring Hill College, Mobile, and that famous institution progressed much under his wise and energetic control. In 1888 he was ordered to Augusta and remained pastor of the Jesuits' Church in that city until 1890, when he became President of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans, which office he filled for the next five years. It was towards the close of his administration of this important charge that he suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe," from which it may be said he never fully recovered.

In September, 1895, he was sent to Spring Hill in the hope that its delightful climate would restore his shattered health, especially as he was now relieved from the anxious and incessant duties of Superior of the large and important establishments of the Jesuits' Church and College, New Orleans. His labors were then reduced to the office of Spiritual Father to the students and Chaplain to the Visitation Convent, Mobile, but relief had come too late. He rallied frequently during the remainder of his life but never fully regained his strength, and physically, was but a wreck of his former self.

Those who met Rev. David McKiniry only in his closing years, when sickness and incessant

labors had broken down his splendid constitution can form but little idea of what he was in his prime. He was a man of magnificent physique, eminently handsome in appearance, and of sweet and benevolent expression. There was no subject on which he could not converse, his manner was dignified though extremely simple. He had met many of the great personages of the world and was wont to express a special liking for Cardinal Manning, "because" said he, "he appreciated so highly my dear country people." More than once the Cardinal said, that the Irish peasant, coming into London with only the torch of faith and a pure life, brought more genuine enlightenment into that modern Babylon than all the Huxleys, Spencers, Darwins and Tyndalls, ever created. Similar was the opinion of Father McKiniry who was eminently a man of faith.

The various attainments of Father McKiniry did not include music "a want to be regretted since," as he playfully remarked, "his name was David." Several severe attacks of illness completely prostrated the good Father in the latter part of 1896. All other remedies having proved unavailing, he was sent to Galveston, in the hope that the change might benefit him, in December, 1896. On the 8th of December he celebrated the forty-second anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately the change of climate seemed but to hasten the end. As he began his religious career on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, so God called him home on the Feast of the Expectation of the Blessed Virgin, December 18, 1896, being sixty-six years and over ten months old. May eternal rest be the portion of this noble priest, "in the land of the living."

FLORIDA.

Salve, quam pauci cecinere vates,
 Insulis quamvis lacubusque mille
 Mille formosis sinibus decoram,
 Florida tellus.

Dux Die Florum veniens Iberus
 —Pascha sic dicit populare nomen—
 Floridam dici voluit reperta
 Littora nostra.

Neque famosum laticem Juventae
 Repperit canus; potiora dona
 Aeris praestat humumque virtus
 Artubus aegris.

Flosculos sanguis generat profusus
 Martyrum largus rigat atque sudor
 Tot laborantum: debet inde nasci
 Aurea messis.

Est suum terrae decus et solamen,
 Est opus certo-prout alma vernas,
 Sic laboranti referet perennes
 Florida palmas.

THE WHARFINGER OF GUILLOT.

BY MAX D. TOUART, '03.

NOT far from the quaint and ancient town of Chalons sur-Saone, lies the little village of Lux, to which history has given some importance. Old chroniclers tell us that Constantine, when in pursuit of Maxentius, saw here the shining cross that appeared in the heavens, a harbinger of his future victories. This glorious tradition is the proudest heirloom antiquity could have bequeathed to this otherwise poor village, which doubtless owes its name of Lux to this miraculous event.

But our story has no connection at all with the standard or with the first Christian emperor. It is an anecdote of more recent date which could not figure in history. The peasants tell it often round

the hearth of a long winter's night and as it is not devoid of interest I thought I would write it down. It was in the year of 1634. The Guillot landing, situated on the outskirts of Lux, had for its wharfinger an old woman, a determined cross-grained dame, of a sour and unmanageable character. The misfortunes of the civil war had forever poisoned her temper, she could not control her anger whenever a ship fully laden came to her landing. The poor woman always thought that it was her enemies returning on a plundering expedition. This thought made the blood boil in her veins. She hurled curses and imprecations against the thieves but invectives and oaths were powerless against

these wretches, for they only laughed at her.

Her nervous system gave way under the constant strain and by degrees her mind became unsettled and the sorrows and woes of her past life formed the subject of her long soliloquies. Her neighbors knowing her weak point mercilessly sought amusement at her expense. To entice her to speak on this subject they brought in conversation about the disasters of the war, the sorrows that had come in its wake to many a poor home and they would whisper in mysterious tones about the possibility of a fresh outbreak.

Then the poor woman would fly into an uncontrollable fury, clenching her hands and rolling her eyes in their blood-shot sockets and would cry out—"Let them come, I will give them a hot reception. There are stones left on the banks of the Saone should they disembark here; I will make the heavens hail stones on them and you cowards fall into line, instead of folding your arms like traitors, and our victory will be easy. Are you not ashamed to rob a poor old woman of all she has, her furniture, her linen, aye, even the last bite of bread, and then to beat her mercilessly? Oh my God, my God, save us from these accursed wretches, from these rascals, who have made me so miserable."

On a sudden she would relapse into silence, sign herself devoutly and tell her beads in pious recollection.

Once after a scene of this kind, a flotilla of stately barges was seen coming down the stream. The boats were manned by a great crowd of people. This sight roused the poor wharfinger to the highest pitch of fury. She flew to the head of the pier as if to stop their making a landing and

when the first boat was on the point of coming ashore, she caught one of the rowers by the neck and said to him with frantic gestures.

"Wretch will you help the enemies of your country? Are you not ashamed to handle an oar for these villains who seek our ruin? Ah! you are one of them too and hope to share their booty. Coward! take care lest the penalty of your crime overtake you sooner than you think." The old woman now perceived in one of the barges a man who seemed to be the commander of all and turning towards him addressed him with anger.

"It is you then who command all these pirates. Ah! there is little booty left here for you to carry away. Come, go into this village and complete the ruin which the Liegeois have so gloriously begun. You will find our homes empty, our beds smashed to pieces and our orchards laid waste. To these outrages, add the grinding taxes which they make us pay and you have an idea of our misery."

The high personage to whom the woman was speaking seemed to be touched by these words and approaching her, said in the most gentle tones.

"Cheer up, good mother, do not be afraid. We have landed here and seek your hospitality and do not intend to do you the least harm. Soothed by these kind words the woman made no further resistance but yet she was far from suspecting who he was to whom she had been speaking. Little by little other boats landed a numerous suite. A large barge loaded down with provisions and from which emerged a swarm of servants, aroused the suspicion of the neighborhood.

After some time a strange rumor is noised abroad. It is the king of France who travels in

company with the lords of his palace. The rumor is settled; it is the king. The respect of the courtiers and menials leaves no doubt; besides, the servants to show their importance had let out the secret.

When the old dame learned this she was in a terrible plight. To think that the one whom she had addressed so boldly was no less a personage than Louis XIII. She hastened to throw herself at the feet of the king and implore his pardon, with tears and sobs. "Sire," she cried, "pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you. I am quite innocent, as I did not know you. Remember all I have suffered. These Liegeois have treated us with such cruelty that the fear of seeing them again—"

"Rise, wharfinger of Guillot landing," said the king, with the greatest kindness. "I see with inexpressible joy that you are on

your guard against our enemies. Yes, yes, I forgive you; rise, good mother."

"Well, sire, I shall never forgive myself to have treated thus brutally our gracious sovereign."

"Good mother, take these ten gold pieces. I will take care to tell the governor of this province to pay you one hundred gold ducats to compensate for all the losses you have suffered in my service."

The adventure could not have had a more satisfactory end. The old wharfinger ever after boasted of the honor she had had in speaking to his majesty. Not a day passed but she reminded her grandchildren of this the great event of her life, and she always found occasion to bring into every story, "When his majesty Louis XIII made me a present of ten gold pieces."

ORATIO.

ILLUSTRISSIMI GULIELMI McKINLEY, PRAESIDIS STATUUM FOEDERATORUM, AD OPTIMATES GEORGICAE REIPUBLICAE.

FRED. SOLIS, '00.

PERGRATUM mihi accidit a vobis, cives, qui optimates estis Georgicae reipublicae, hodie salutari; perjucundum etiam est vobiscum hic esse, atque una vobiscum de pace gaudere quam modo cum Hispanis fecimus.

Jam non discernitur patria pristinis discordiis; jam non extinguunt amorem civium mutuum adversarum studia partium; fraterno, ut ita dicam, concentu coalescunt voces quadraginta quinque nostrarum rerumpublicarum, et

aliarum civitatum tam americanarum quam transmarinarum, ad concordiam celebrandam. Vetus illud patrum vexillum, novo illustrius gloriae incremento, a filiis nostris hoc ipso anno in bello partae, nos omnes iterum in pace obumbrat.

Multae profecto ac magnae sunt nobis causae gaudii, etsi nonnihil exultationi nostrae officit quod tot viri fortissimi, cives nostri, vel ferro necati in acie, vel morbo in castris confecti periire, vel etiam

reversi quidem sunt in patriam at vulneribus in reliquum vitae tempus fracti et debilitati. Sed respublica suo non deerit officio, at mortuorum quidem fidelem memoriam conservabit, eis autem qui corporis vires in castris amiserunt sedulo providebit. Quandiu enim debitam curam habebimus, ut nunc habemus, eorum qui se hostium telis objecere, patria numquam carebit defensoribus.

Eorum vero qui in acie cecidere quanto amore memoriam retineamus testes sunt tumuli aere publico erecti et ornati. Quanto circumdamus mutorum, ut ita dicam, vigilum exercitu! Quanta conservantur et ornantur illa sepulcra sollicitudine! propterea quod quotquot sunt tot habentur monumenta virtutis americanae.

Et quidem cum haec sepulcra facta sunt, multum de futura reipublicae nostrae ratione inter nos

dissidebamus; at jamdiu composita sunt armorum arbitrio nostra dissidia, tantaque facta est postea, Dei numine, animorum et voluntatum in melius mutatio, ut nobis ipsis, qui contra vos pugnativimus, vestrorum sepulcra communiter jam vobiscum curae esse debere videantur. Hoc benevolentiae signum mutuus, qui nunc est inter utrasque partes, amor postulat, ejus exhibendi si cui desiderari videretur occasio, haec, in fide et virtute et communis patriae amore, quem nuper prae se tulere filii et nepotes illorum heroum qui in bello civili ceciderunt, facile reperiretur.

Quae cum ita sint, o cives, quanta nos manet gloria, si modo res magnas; quae nobis a fortuna gerendae proponuntur, sapientia, concordia, et virtute quae nos decet suscipere non dubitabimus!

COONS AND COON HUNTING.

BY WRACK OONE.

A CROWD of the ebony gentry of Fallville (not far from Mobile) were gathered about the porch of the only store in the settlement. This was their favorite resort, and here after a day's labor or loafing they would assemble to discuss matters of national, state or local importance. Here many questions of the gravest and most intricate nature were decided and gigantic political schemes for the welfare of the country mapped out. But, to-night, after the setting of a mild September sun, the conversation ran in a lighter vein. With great zest and earnestness they were descanting upon the transcendent merits of the "cullud folks'" sweetest viand, the incomparable possum? Only the day previous they had attended a

"swell" wedding feast at Sam Spencer's on Three-mile creek, where they had been generously treated to this toothsome dish; and now, with mouths still watering and lips smacking from the after taste of the banquet, they gave free rein to their tongues and showered the most extravagant praises on their favorite morsel. "Aint nuffin' close ter it dis side er Kingdom Come." "He am 'mos' sweet 'nuff ter make a feller leave his bes' gal!" "He tas'e like stolen chicken, bacon, rabbit an' all de yudder victuals put tergedder!" "Niggers' bes' frien'—de sweetes' eatin in de land!" These are only some of the many eulogistic judgments pronounced on the darkeys' ambrosial tidbit.

In the midst of this strain of

rapturous encomiums, while the speakers were aglow over their all-absorbing topic, Uncle Abe Judson, the oldest colored Fall-villian, a man nearing the eighties, entered the group of loungers. He was cordially greeted by all present. Every one held him in high esteem, and his opinion on any question generally carried great weight. He was in a talkative mood on this particular night, and when he heard the possum's excellences so highly extolled, he winked his left eye and displayed his snow-white ivories in a long, broad smile, which soon developed into a loud-ringing guffaw. This informed the bystanders that he had something to say about the topic in hand, so they respectfully gave him an opening and he broke out with:—

"Well! well! well! I do declare! You niggers makes me laugh to heah you carryin' on so 'bout sech a or'nary crittur like de possum. He am sholy fine 'nuff by hissef, but sot him 'long side de coon an' he ain't nowhar; jes' like de jaybird put up 'gin de mockin' bird. Who dunno which am de bes'?"

"Look a heah, uncle, 'scuse my disruption; you doan' mean to tell us dat coon am bettah dan possum?" spoke up one of the assembly, who passed as a connoisseur among his fellows.

"Dat am percisely w'at I's a argufyin' so 'bout. I perlitletly conflicks wid yo' 'pinion, an' I declare's dat coon am bettah dan possum. An' I knows w'at I'se a talkin' erbout. I'se done ate more possum dan any er you niggers, an' I's done ate more coon; an' I says: possum good, but coon am bettah. Gimme coon, genuwine, juicy raccoon, an' you kin hab all de possum you kin git yo' grinders t'rough."

"But, Unc' Abe," the same indi-

vidual made bold enough to rejoin, "I's allus hearn tell dat possum am mo' 'dapted to cullud people an' also am mo' speckable."

"Doan' you fool yo'self erbout dat, my frien'," answered old Abe with a knowing shake of his mossy head. "Coon am mo' speckable an' he got mo' sense. Didn' you nebber heah dat song w'at de little pickaninnies sing w'en dey plays by de Creek? It runs dis er vay:

De raccoon up de 'simmon tree,
De possum on de groun';
De possum say, 'you great big fool,
T'row dem 'simmons down.'

But de raccoon don't t'row no 'simmons down, he ain't no sech big fool; he jes' stay up dare an' grin, an' Mr. Possum got ter clim up an' git his own 'simmons."

This rather odd defence of the coon's intellectual superiority was greeted with sallies of applause and bursts of laughter from the listeners. Thus encouraged the old man went on:

"Besides dat, you doan' fine de coon er-hangin' 'roun' hen-coops an' prowlin' 'roun' chicken houses like de possum an' some er his frien's." Some of the audience betrayed nervousness and assumed a far-away look. "No, sah! he got more dignifude dan dat, an' he go and live 'way out in de woods, w'ar he kin git all de grub he want widout stealin' from in-nercent folks."

"Dat am right, Uncle." "An' you nebber heah er de coon bein' cotched in a trap. You jes' set a contrapshun wid a piece er raw meat inside an' de possum he come 'long snippin' like an' smellin' an' grinnin', an' fus t'ing you know he step right in an' de do'snap on him, 'Bing!' "It sarve him right, de old fool; he doan' grin no mo' arter dat. But de coon, you got

ter hunt him an' shoot him like you shoot de deah an' de bahr."

"Did you ebber shoot a coon, Uncle?" asked several of the group, now more than ever interested in the patriarch's eulogy of that animal.

"More'n I kin count on my fingers an' toes put togedder," he answered. "I rekilecks one time a good many y'ars ago, 'for' manyer you wuz borned, I fotched a big bustin' feller right in dem woods back er de Creek. He wuz one er de fines' critters I ebber seed. No possum could' come close ter him."

"Tell us all about it, Unc' Abe," came a chorus of voices from every corner of the porch. Their entertainer had the reputation of being the finest story-teller for miles around; hence their eagerness to draw him out.

"Well," resumed the aged raconteur, leaning on his elbows which rested on his knees, and joining his hands before him, his usual reminiscent attitude, "it come erbout dis way. One day in autumn to'ds sundown, I was comin' home from choppin' wood over yonder wid my little boy Mat and an' my dorg Zip. Zip wuz a kind er mixed breed pup an' he was'nt much on huntin', but w'en it come ter findin' a scent, he couldn' be beat by nuffin' on four legs. An' dis ebenin' all on a suddint' he begin to ack obstripilous and cut shines like he see sumfin; an' sho' nuff, when I looks long de creek, I sees coon tracks w'ar he been cotechin' minners an' crawfish an' tadpoles, 'kase you know, coons am great fishermens. Den I says to myself: "By golly, I got to fin' out w'ar Mr. Coon lib'; and so we follers de dorg who keep on runnin' twell he git to the aidge er de swamp and stop neah a big gum tree waiged in by yudder trees an' vines an' brambles. I looks

up de gum an' I sees a big bunch er twigs an' sticks an' leaves sot-tin' up on a forked limb. I 'zamine de sitoowation an' I circumnavigates roun' dat tree two or free times. Den I turns 'roun' to Mat, who dunno yet w'at's de mattah, an' I 'lows: "You see dat bundle up dar, chile?" An' he make answer: "Yas, paw; what am it?" I winks at him an' says: "Wait twell termorrer an' you'se gwyne ter fine out." Now dat boy he open his eyes an' his mouf an' he wondeh an' he dream erbout dat black bundle all night long, but I doan' say a word.

"De nex' day, jes' arter sun-up, I calls Mat an' I 'low: "Le's go see erbout dat bundle." An' he jump up an' holler: "Come on." "Well, git down my ole gun from behind de bed an' fotch de powder flask an' shot horn an' call Zip." "All right, sah. Come Zip!" So we stahts out, de tree uv us, an' goes 'long follerin' de co'se er de stream w'at wuz singin' like an' playin' tunes w'ile runnin' trough de bushes an' jumpin' ober logs an' sprigs. De mawnin' wuz cool, an' de sun wuz jes' a peepin' ober de pine tops. We passes near de cane ficket jes' w'ar de creek make a ben', an' we stops an' I says to Mat: "Git in dar an' cut me one er de longes' an' stronges' reeds you kin fine."

"W'at you gwyne ter do wid it, paw?"

"Git de reed fus', an' I tell you arterwuds.' He go inter de brake an' fotch out a long, slim cane. He han' it ter me an' look at me sort er 'squisitively. 'Dat am a splendiferous reed,' I 'lows. 'Dat coon ain't gwyne ter hab no show now. He am a dead-goner.' I ain't nebbber seed no boy look so stunnified as dat boy w'en he done heah I wuz gwyne ter hunt coon. He doan' b'leeb me at fus', an' he say:

"'Wat's dat? You doan mean ter tell me de coon gwine ter be so big a fool as to wait an' let you break his backbone wid dat pole, do you? He gwyne ter git scary an' run away an' hide hisself, dat am sho!"

"'Jes' hold yo' hosses boy, and wait twell you see de whole operation. Den you kin talk."

"We keeps a-movering, 'long, Mat totin' de cane an' me de gun, an' Zip keepin' close ter us. W'en we gits erbout half er mile from de coon tree, I says to Mat: 'Creep up sof' like an' keep dat dorg from makin' no noise, 'kase we mus'n' 'sturb Mr. Coon.' So we walks quietly an' we soon comes up to de tree. 'Now, ef our fren' aint out on no early mawnin' visits or no fish fry, we'se got 'im,' I 'lows; den I tells Mat to pick up some dry leaves an' grass, an' I wraps a piece er noospaper 'roun' dem ter keep 'em tergedder, an' I ties de whole bunch at de end er de long cane."

"Mat he grin an' 'low: 'I knows w'at yo' gwyne ter do now.' 'Doan talk so loud,' I tells him, kase de coon gwine ter hear you an' kotch on ter de trick.' I 'zamines my gun ter see if it am well loaded an' den I gits right plumb undah de nest. Nex' I strikes a match an' lights my to'ch an' reaches up an' sets old Coon's house on fire. Lor'sakes! sech a fire it did make! It burn like rosgum an' straw mix' tergedder."

"Soon as de conflagration done got fairly 'stablished, I stan's out from undah de tree an, watches for de feller ter show hisself. Fust, he dunno w'at de mattah; he t'ink de sun gittin' mouty hot dat soon in de day. It keeps on a-

gittin hotter an' he says to hisself: 'Guess I'se got ter be a-moverin' inter colder quartahs, I'se habin' too hot a time up heah.' But he stuck up dar twell his nest wuz pooty nigh burnt out, an' den he poke his head out to see w'ar de fiah come from. Look dar, 'paw!' Mat he holler. I sees him an' 'Bang!' I blazes into his skull. Mr. Coon dunno w'at struck him; he shake like he was drunk an' den let go his hole an' drop—'kerflunk!"

"'By golly! what a buster," I 'lows. 'He got grease all ober him. You can't carry him home, Mat, guess I has ter gib yo' a han.' Mat he grab him by de front paws an' I lif' him up, but he doan do it easy. Dat coon must a weighed no less nor thirty-five pounds."

"We toted him home an' dressed him up, an' den, didn't we hab a fea's! Talk about possum! He didn't cut a bit er figger longside er coon. Yes, gemmans, I'se ob de indefatigable erpinion dat coon am de bes' eatin' on dis erf an' am de nachul borned grub for de cul-lud folks."

Everyone present manifested the deepest interest in Uncle Abe's narrative and punctuated it with frequent expressions of hearty approval. At the end, they all shook their heads, and one, who acted as spokesman, remarked:

"You mus' be k'reck, arter all, Unc' Abe, an' de coon he git ahead er de possum in 'speckability an' biggitness,—but,—but gin us de possum for eatin'!" This declaration was followed by a typical whole-souled nigger guffaw, in which all joined, save the aged defender of the coon.

A TALK ON NUMBERS.

BY J. H. M.

THE study of numbers is certainly one of great practical interest to a boy desirous of doing well both in ordinary business and accounting, and in any of the higher professions. In truth we may say that it is not less a study than mathematics,—Algebra,—Geometry, etc.,—and that it exercises the mind in as higher a degree as they do. For while they furnish the student with many and subtle demonstrations, and lead him on to scientific theories solidly established, it is also on the other hand a matter of daily observation, that in actual calculations, formulae must be interpreted by numbers, and a thorough understanding of how to handle them will enable the calculator to do much quicker and surer work than one less versed in this art.

Now this knack of dealing with ease and rapidity in numbers is born from a knowledge of their elementary properties and is increased by the discovery of more such properties, by the thoughtful boy or man, who is always on the lookout for some device to shorten his work and insure its exactness.

In our little essay we shall touch upon only a few of such devices, and select them with a view to illustrate how especially in division and multiplication we may thus cut down the amount of work to be done, and at the same time render the result evidently correct to the eye.

In the matter of divisibility there are general and elegant rules for testing if a number can be divided by any number from 2 to 12, 7 excepted. Without touching upon how to get at a rule for 7 or other prime numbers, we

hope that it will recommend itself as a practical and easy method to divide any given number into groups *evidently* divisible by 7. If we begin from the highest orders of units down to the lowest, and every one of the groups is divisible by 7, it will be plain that the whole number is divisible by 7.

E. g. 14588, make it 14000 by 7
 560 by 7
 28 by 7
 \therefore 14588 by 7

Again, 65898, make it 63000 by 7
 2800 by 7
 70 by 7
 28 by 7
 \therefore 65898 by 7

On the contrary, assume

1364 by 7; 1400 by 7
 — 36 not by 7
 \therefore 1364 not by 7

It does not seem to be cumbersome work thus to divide up and inspect any number for divisibility not only by 7, but by other numbers as well; e. g., 13, 17 19.

E. g. 28639 by 13, 26000 by 13
 2600 by 13
 39 by 13
 \therefore 28639 by 13

19567 by 17, 17000 by 17
 1700 by 17
 850 by 17
 17 by 17
 19567 by 17

Hence the general rule might be put in this form: To find if a given number is divisible by some given prime or composite number, divide it up into convenient

groups from the highest order of units down, and make each group an evident multiple of the divisor chosen. If you can do so with the last group, the number is plainly a product containing the divisor as a factor.

We may be allowed to mention also a few practical hints which are useful for detecting divisibility by composite numbers larger than twelve, and containing powers of 2 and 3. This will come handy especially when one wishes to find quickly the G. C. M. or the L. C. M. of certain sums.

Thus we find a number is divisible by 14, if even and divisible by 7; again by 15, if divisible by 3 and 5; by 16, if 8 times the thousands, plus 4 times the hundreds, plus the sum represented by the tens and units is divisible by 16.

E.g. 8256, 8 times the thous'ds=64
4 times the hundreds= 8
Sum of tens and units=56

Total, - - 128

which is plainly divisible by 16. For higher divisors let us take 7560, which is divisible by 8 and by 9, therefore by 72, etc.

We do not indeed find rules of this kind given in our text books, but we are looking for easy, practical and quick ways in dealing with figures and may be permitted to adopt them wherever we find them; especially if along with cutting down the amount of labor which the ordinary regulation process entails, they render the whole operation evidently correct to the eye.

Let us now turn to multiplication, for here, too, it is possible, by certain artifices, to greatly simplify and at the same time make absolutely sure of the corrections of many somewhat complex operations.

Thus let us suppose we have to multiply a number by 7, 9, 17, 19, or any similar number. A convenient way to do it might be to multiply with 5 and 2 for 7, 10-1 for 9, 20-3 for 17, etc., always separating a large and cumbersome multiplier into groups, with which it is easy to operate rapidly, and which admit of quick and evident verification of the result.

Here are a few examples with larger factors: 14481x75, calling 14481 A, it is easily seen that we may take 100 A and subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ from result, or take $\frac{1}{2}$ of

$$\begin{array}{r} 100A=50A \\ \text{and add } \frac{1}{2} \text{ of this}=25A \\ \hline \text{Total}=75A \end{array}$$

Again 2676x89; 2676=A; multiply A by 3, and then by 30 which gives us 90A subtract 1A

total 89A

Or in figures: 2676x89; 2676x3=8028x30=240840
-2676
total 238164

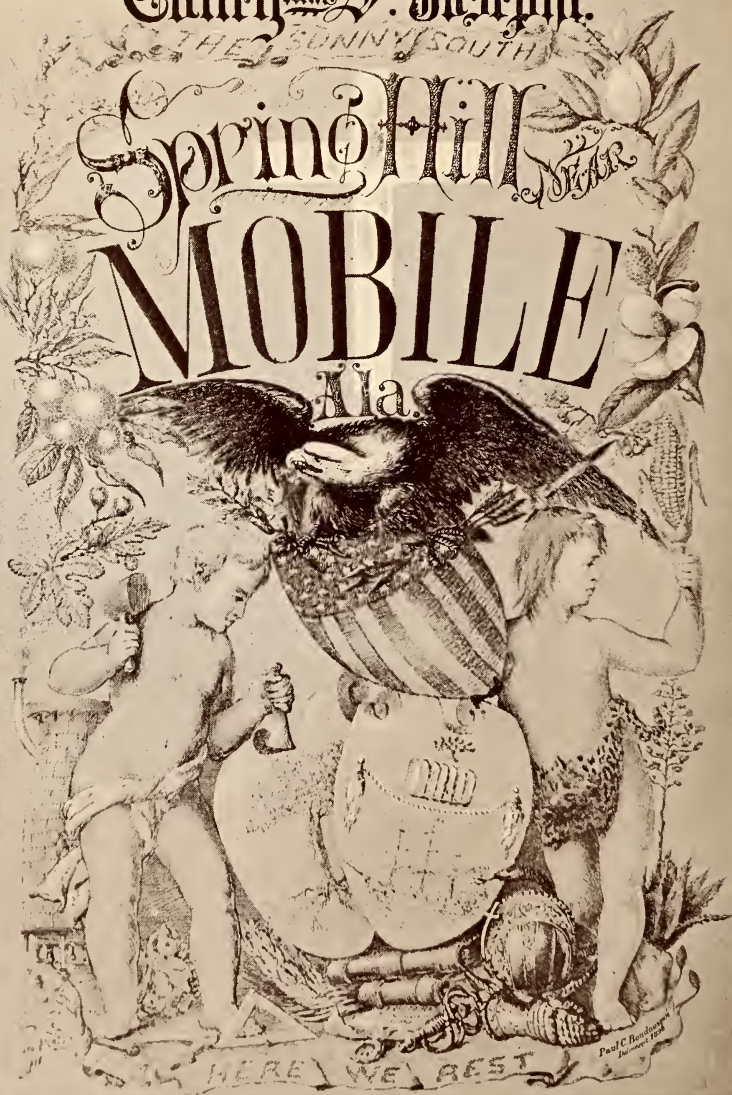
We might multiply such and other like examples, but it seems preferable to rather hint at how one may acquire a habit and as it were an instinct in this field of mental exercise. There can be no question of formulating rules, except this general one: Always to keep on the lookout, and in every calculation to apply rapidly the best processes that will spontaneously suggest themselves. In this manner we shall lay up in our mind a store of experimental knowledge, which, coupled with reflection, will make us continually more proficient in this great and fruitful department of human knowledge.



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As in the first part of this essay we spoke of divisibility of numbers, and in the second of multiplication, we will say a few words in conclusion on division, which may be called the inverse of multiplication. We have spoken already of breaking up factors into groups, properly arranged with a view to quick and correct operation. Now the same may be done with divisors: e. g., we wish to divide 9660 by 84, we do it thus: 84 by 12 is 7; 9660 by 12 is 805; 805 by 7 is 115; therefore 9660 by 84 is 115.

Another and somewhat different way would be e. g., 29495 by 17, we first divide by 5 is 5899, but this quotient is evidently 12-17 too large, hence we divide 5899 by 17 is 347 and subtract 12 by 347, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 5899 \\ -12 \text{ times } 347 = 4164 \\ \hline \therefore 29495 \text{ by } 17 = 1735 \end{array}$$

Take again. 1237500 by 75, or (100-25) quotient by 100=12375 is $\frac{1}{4}$ too small, \therefore add 4125

$$1237500 \text{ by } 75 = 16500$$

The rule to follow is evident and seems practical enough in many cases. But we must hasten to put an end to our talk on numbers, lest we overcharge the patience of the reader, and outrun the limits set to us.

May it find a benevolent reception at the hands of those who like to deal in figures; and may it encourage some of our younger friends, who have a talent in this line, to apply themselves to the study of arithmetic with all the ardor which is in them. They will certainly find themselves well repaid for all their study and work, by the ease and sureness with which they will come to work out whatever sum they shall have to do.

A WORK OF ART.

BY TISDALE J. TOUART, '01.

A NEW and attractive feature has been added to this year's Annual Catalogue of Spring Hill College in the shape of a symbolical design as frontispiece. This design, typifying in a varied group of illustrations, "The Triumph of Christian Civilization over Barbaric Rudeness in Alabama and the South," is the production of the adept pencil of Mr. Paul C. Boudousquie, U. S. Civil Engineer and Professor of Architectural and Ornamental Drawing at Spring Hill College. He has been at work on the sketch, at varied intervals, for the past three years, and the result of his inventive skill and patient labor has not only realized but far surpassed the most sanguine ex-

pectations of the professor's many friends and admirers. His conception is a sublime embodiment of historical and figurative lore, which could have had birth only in a master-mind, while his execution, perfect as to detail, falls nothing short of a chef-d'œuvre in the art of delineation. Altogether, the tableau is a most wonderful conceit, a most poetic and elaborate presentation of a fact of history beautifully interwoven with the characters of allegory.

Conning the pictured story, as outlined by the artist, the following life-play is unravelled before our fancy's vision.

Two actors are upon the scene, each typical of the conflicting

forces that are brought face to face in the eventful drama. In the lower right hand corner of the group, idly stands in calm but proud submission, the primitive Lord of the American Continent. Girt round with a wildcat skin, he is reclining, near a century plant, upon the seal of the port of Mobile, through which the hated stranger has gained entrance into his domains. At his feet are heaped together the weapons of war which his enemy employed to conquer and subjugate his people. In his left hand he holds aloft an ear of Indian corn, the principal article of subsistence, the veritable staff of life among the aborigines. Overhead, hang in luscious bunches, the sweet-juiced, mellow scuppernongs, with which nature's simple child slaked his thirst after a weary day's hunting or fishing. Higher still, as an offset to the picture, twines a graceful wreath of the stately magnolia's leaves and flowers, beneath whose wide-spread branches he held his councils of war or smoked the pipe of peace.

To the left of the design and just opposite the exponent of barbarism, we behold the representative of European civilization, a youthful artisan, busy at work with hammer and chisel, putting the finishing touches to the great seal of Alabama. Compared with his opponent, he typifies culture and industry as against rudeness and idleness. Instruments of art and science, together with a sheaf of grain and a horn of plenty, are scattered about his feet, while a little to the rear, a smelting furnace in full blast indicates the principal source of revenue of the commonwealth which he has built to himself. Upward climb, in magnificent festoons, the fig, orange and other delicious fruit-bearers planted and nurtured by his assiduous hand.

Rolled up on the ground between the Caucasian and the Indian, are the treaties of peace entered in by the two nations, the covenants which put an end to the old order and established the modern era of prosperity and happiness in the New World. Midway between the seals of Mobile Port and Alabama State and just above these, is mounted the starred and barred escutcheon of the Great Republic of the West. Perched in grandeur above this, as a becoming centre piece, the noble American Eagle, with wings outspread and grasping in his mighty talons the laurel of peace and the arrows of war, keeps watch and ward over the destinies of the new-born nation.

Far off in the background and enveloped in a misty cloud, the sublime Standard of the Cross lifts its snow-white crest and opens wide above the scene its shadowy arms. It stands like a grand sentinel, a solemn watchman, surveying the work of gradual decay on the one hand and of constant edification on the other. Under its projecting beams, the dominion of the Savage has been wrested from him by conquest and proselytism; beneath the shadow of its towering shaft, the White Man has effected a complete revolution in life and manners and has called into existence out of a class of barbaric rudeness, the great Empire of the Setting Sun, the land of the enlightened, the brave and the free.

As a fitting motto inscribed upon the epoch-limiting mosaic, we read:

*Collegium Sancti Josephi,
Spring Hill,
Near Mobile, Ala.*

Well worthy is Spring Hill College of figuring in this artistic panorama (the work of one of her

sons) depicting the "Victory of Intellectual Power over Brute Force." For not a little has she, in her exalted sphere, contributed to this felicitous issue. Almost since the dawn of the century she has had her standard in the field of education, has stood in the foreground among institutions of learning in the country. For three score years and more she has carried out her God-sent mission, her noble work of cultivating the youthful mind of the Southland and of instilling into their hearts lessons of love, honor and patriotism. And to-day as she looks abroad on our Sunny

Land she sees among the most honored representatives of society, among the brightest lights in the different professions, arts and sciences, among the most gallant defenders of our fatherland, men who once were students in her halls and who are now proud to claim Spring Hill College as their Alma Mater. With one voice resounding along the coves and bays of the Mexican Gulf, they send forth their heart's greeting: "Long live and prosper our College Home! May she never cease to be, as in the past, a potent factor in the triumphal march of Christian Civilization and Education!"

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S LAST NIGHT.

BY JOHN F. JOSSEN, '00.

SLOWLY the old man toiled up the winding iron ladder that led to the top of the lighthouse. He was the keeper of the lighthouse as his father and his grandfather had been before him. He was born on the little rock-bound island; there he spent his childhood and there his youthful days; seldom did he leave it and then but for a short visit to the mainland to procure some necessary provisions. For the most part he lived on what fish he caught in his leisure hours. He was an old man now. Wife and child he had long since laid in the grave and he alone remained the tottering remnant of a hardy race of seabred men and women. For the strongest and best must one day succumb to the vise-like grasp of Time's ravaging hand; and pure though the life may have been and blameless the old age, yet not for this does Father Time swerve from his onward course. And with this solitary old man he had caught up. He claimed him as his own. He stamped his mark

on him indelibly and hastened on to his next victim. The old keeper felt that his days were quickly coming to an end. Each successive morning and night he found it harder to mount the steps of the ladder. But, sturdy old man that he was, he never would give in, and when, as the sun dropped down behind the horizon on this darksome winter's evening, he climbed up and lit his lamps, he felt that soon another would come to take up his abode in the weather-beaten lighthouse on the island and care for his faithful old lamp, and trim it and clean it and replenish it with oil and light it to tell the sailor struggling on the stormy sea that here was Birkøen Lighthouse and there all along a treacherous, rocky coast, on which for a ship to be driven meant certain destruction.

Now he puts his taper to the wick of the large lamp. The flame shoots up and burns brightly, casting its heavy rays far out on the angry waters. For there was a storm impending this even-

ing. Thick, lowering clouds had gathered in the east. Soon they were scudding along before the wind, tumbling and jostling one against the other, till finally they blended into one huge, ugly cloud that bespoke no pleasant night for the men of the sea.

As the old keeper ate his sparing supper his thoughts were on the coming storm. Well he knew the dangers of the deep. Many and many a time when he was a younger and a more vigorous man had he battled with the furious waves, tossed here and there in his frail little skiff, now balanced aloft on the breast of a mountainous billow, now deep down in a valley with the seething, hissing waters holding high revel all around him.

The wind by this time was blowing fiercely, driving before it the heavy fall of rain; the heavens were veined with lightning and vocal with thunder, and the thunderous echoes sported among the rocks and cliffs.

Once more the man, worn and bent with age, with step feeble and trembling, mounted the iron stairs to trim the flickering flame of the lamp. Under his feet the ladder quivered like a reed. The whole lighthouse seemed to be swaying from side to side, so wild the night, so fierce the blowing of the wind, so deluging the downpour of the rain, so rude, so infuriate the ceaseless pealing of the thunder. The lantern-room shook like an aspen leaf, the sport of the wind and waves, for the surging sea was dashed up in torrents against its granite walls. With stout heart, but with tremulous hand, the old man set about his work. He opened the lantern door, trimmed the wick and cleansed the murky glass. Clear burns the flame again, its lustrous beams piercing keenly through the pitch dark pall

of night.—But the old man!—The task was too great for his failing body; he has fallen prostrate by the side of his dear old lamp. He has dropped down at his post, faithful to his duty to the end. There he lies. Look at his silvery head, his waxen brow, his sunken eyes, the honest smile playing around his lips,—look quickly!—now it is too late. A flash of lightning, a peal of thunder, a gust of wind,—and the lighthouse is swept away an utter ruin. But the old man knew it not. With the light on the beacon tower the light of his life, too, had gone out and his spirit had already winged its way to its last long home.

* * * * *

Not far from the land on that same stormy night a gallant ship was doing brave battle with the waves. Her master, with helm in hand, riveted his gaze now upon the dimly visible line of the shore, now on the straining masts and cordage of his vessel; and again he raised his eyes and saw the light in the lofty shaft and said within himself:—"The harbor's mouth lies close at hand, surely I know these rugged rocks and yon fair beacon light; with kind Heaven's help I will save my noble bark." The elements seemed rent in twain as these thoughts passed through his mind.—"My God! the light's gone out!", he cried. Scarcely had he uttered the words when the ship ran foul of the rocks; her timbers were shattered and torn in sunder and the raging waters enfolded her in their unrelenting arms.

At daybreak grim Death was seen on every hand; strong men had ceased to be who might have lived had the warning light shone out through the storm, for with the failing of the light in the beacon tower, the light of their lives too had ceased to shed its rays.





VERY REV. C. T. O'CALLAGHAN, D. D. '60.

VERY REV. C. T. O'CALLAGHAN, D. D., V. G.
A SKETCH.

BY EDWARD B. DREAPER, '02.

IT is with great pleasure that THE REVIEW takes this its first opportunity of adding its tribute of praise to the one, whom the President and Faculty of the College deemed worthy of the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Spring Hill College ranks among the very few Catholic Colleges in the United States that have been empowered by the Sovereign Pontiff to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology. This faculty was conferred upon her by Pope Gregory XVI, in the year 1840, and though within her gift for more than half a century, Very Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan, V. G., of Mobile, has the honor of being the first recipient of the degree.

Cornelius T. O'Callaghan was born in Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, March 4th, 1839, and received his elementary and classical education in the schools of his native town. Later he entered St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., and in July 1860 came to Spring Hill College as a student in the Diocesan Seminary then attached to the College. Though quite unnecessary for him, he stood the regular examination for graduation in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan and received the degree of A. B. on December 12th, 1860, Rev. A. J. Jourdan, S. J., being President of the College. He was ordained October 24th, 1862, and on the same day was made pastor of Apalachicola, Fla. For four years he labored in this remote portion of the diocese and in October 1866 was called to the Cathedral of Mobile. After a few months he was appointed to St. Vincent's Parish, then the largest

and most important in the diocese. Fr. O'Callaghan took charge of the parish, January 25th, 1867. Since his incumbency he built the beautiful new church of St. Vincent's and the present pastoral residence.

Fr. O'Callaghan has for a quarter of a century played a prominent part in the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese. He has twice been Administrator of the Diocese pending the appointment of successors to Bishops Quinlan and O'Sullivan. He has held the post of Vicar General under Bishops Quinlan and Manuey and at present fills the same office.

In the meantime he had received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater and in June, 1897, Very Rev. Fr. Moynihan, S. J., president of Spring Hill College, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the presence of a large assemblage of his friends, both clerical and lay.

We think we can in no better way conclude this sketch of Dr. O'Callaghan's life than by inserting here an extract from the editorial columns of the Mobile Register commenting on this event:

"The President and Faculty of Mobile's most venerable institution of learning, Spring Hill College, at its sixty-seventh annual commencement last Wednesday, conferred upon Rev. Cornelius T. O'Callaghan, the beloved pastor of St. Vincent's Church, of this city, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This dignity was worthily as well as gracefully placed. Father O'Callaghan, during his pastorate of St. Vincent's, stretching over the years of more than a generation, has won the love of

every member of his congregation and of his co-religionists throughout the diocese, and has earned the esteem of every one who knows him and who recognizes wisdom, piety and unselfish good work in the cause of humanity and love of God. He has filled the distinguished positions of Vicar General of the diocese under Bishops Quinlan, Manucy and Allen, and has been the administrator during the vacancies caused by the deaths of Bishops Quinlan and O'Sullivan, and has conduct-

ed the affairs committed to him successfully with dignity and honor. In him the wisdom of a close student and trained theologian is happily united with the simplicity of a child and the modesty of a maiden. His life and work are an exemplification of the motto of the college which has dignified him: "For the greater honor and glory of God." The Register congratulates Spring Hill upon the fitness of this recipient of the college's rarely granted honor."

A BUFFALO HUNT.

BY ROBERT FLAUTT, '03.

JOHN and I were sitting outside our tent, enjoying the cool evening breeze, when Glen, our tent-mate, rode up and informed us of a herd of buffaloes which he had seen about four miles from our camp. We, of course, prepared for a first class hunt, and retired.

The next morning, before a sign of light could be seen, we set out, carrying with us our packs, our tent, an abundance of ammunition, in fact, all that we possessed. As the first sunbeams marked a clear line where the bright cloud kissed the plain in the east, we suddenly came upon a herd of antelopes. Shooting two for food, we proceeded after the buffaloes which by this time had moved farther.

About noon we came to some woods whose shade was delicious to a hunter who had just crossed a barren plain beneath a blazing sun. Pushing into these woods we dismounted on the banks of a river, the water of which was as clear as crystal. As far as the eye could reach, the water's edge was lined with willows. The branches keeping time to the music of the

gentle zephyrs, now dipped into the water and danced upon the wavelets and then leaped high in air scattering a rain of pearls from each leafy tress. We were spell-bound by this beautiful scenery. My companions sat under a tree, while I took a plunge in the clear water. We afterwards had dinner, and again set out on our hunt.

At about three o'clock we came upon the vast herd of which we were in search. We placed ourselves some two hundred yards from each other and galloped up to the huge animals. Easily getting in rifle range we picked out the fattest cows we could see and delivered our fire. When the smoke cleared away I saw a buffalo lying before me. My friends were equally successful.

The herd ran some distance and stopped. We reloaded and again rode up to it. This time we got better chances and discharged both barrels of our rifles. Two fat cows were stretched lifeless before me, and also two before Glen, but John only killed one and severely wounded another.

As he approached, the wounded

buffalo rose up, and charging, compelled him to fly. He was comparatively helpless, his gun was unloaded, and he needed both hands to control his horse, so that it was impossible for him to reload. Dropping two cartridges into my rifle. I rode in pursuit of the cow, and just as she turned her flank to me, I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the buffalo stumble forward and fall. My friend thanked me affectionately for delivering him.

We skinned our game, and this done we cut some meat from the sides and loins, and packing the skins rode away. We resolved to camp on the banks of the river which we had passed that day. Two hours later we had supped on

buffalo steaks; and as we stepped out from the tent we witnessed a beautiful sunset. The sun gradually sank lower and lower behind the mountains, throwing its farewell light on the plain. Disappearing suddenly behind a snow-covered peak it was reflected on the sky; gold-fringed clouds stood out like lonely watchers against the mountains. Gently, almost imperceptibly, the gold disappeared; the west was tinged with crimson, fading to purple, and dying away into the gray of evening. We, too, tired out by the day's sport, retired to our tent, and shortly afterwards were rolled up in our blankets dreaming of buffalo hunting in Slumber Island.

A GLAD AWAKENING.

BY JACK J. McGRATH, '02.

IN the town of Chatawa there is a large coal mine, whose owner, a grasping, mercenary man had been for some time reducing the wages of the poor miners.

He knew that he could do this with impunity, as they had no other means of support. The men were murmuring at this injustice when a grizzled old miner said: I thank God that I have enough to eat. There is no telling how soon old Bailey will close down. Then will be the time for you to grumble." His prophecy, if such it may be termed, was, in the space of a few days, amply fulfilled.

At last the blow so long suspended above the miners' heads had fallen, fallen in all its crushing weight; and five hundred men were turned out of work, without clothes, without money, without food, without hope.

The men filed out from the shaft, dirt-begrimed, ragged and

sullen. Dark looks and threatening words did not make the prospect very inviting for the Superintendent if he should put in an appearance. But fortunately for the souls of his men, and his own safety, he stayed in the seclusion of his own rooms, well protected by thick doors and bars.

Among the poor unfortunates was John Brown, an honest, hard-working man who labored with all the vigor of his strong muscular frame to support his large family; and when this new affliction presented itself, he was well nigh overpowered with grief.

There was very little chance of his getting work, or employment of any kind, yet he tried in all the neighboring villages, but in vain.

Day by day his hopes grew fainter; his heart sank within him as he saw the meal sack grow thinner, and when the last particle had been made into bread, he

felt that the cup of his sorrow was full.

A week had passed, and although he applied untiringly for work he was always doomed to disappointment.

The last crust of bread had been given to the hungry children who wrung their father's tender heart in their anxious pleadings for food.

"Leona," he said to his wife, "I can not stand idly by and see those little darlings suffer, yet I am powerless to act; utterly powerless."

He was assailed by a terrible temptation to rob a grocery store and thus save his family from starvation.

"Why not?" whispered an evil spirit "you can repay it when you get money." But John fought the temptation valiantly and finally succeeded in putting it aside.

"Come what may" he said, "storm or sunshine; good or evil; adversity or prosperity I will stick to the right: even were the heavens to fall I will never sully my hands with the stain of guilt."

Night came on, and darkness cast her black mantle over the universe. Brown intended to solicit aid from a wealthy friend, and for this purpose he lay down on the bed till all was quiet, then he would go borrow some money from Will Dunbar until he could get work.

He lay cross-wise on the bed, brooding over his misfortune.

Very soon, he fell asleep.

* * * * *

The night is dark and dreary. Heavy black clouds chase one another in wild confusion; the wind howls, screeches, struggles and then moans as if it were in mortal agony.

Suddenly a door opens and a flood of light parts the darkness. Then, silently, stealthily, step by step, forth from the house issues

a closely muffled figure. It is John Brown.

The streets are deserted, and darkness reigns supreme, save for a flickering, unsteady light cast out by the dingy street lamps.

Wending his way with silent tread, over fences and through dark alleys, he reaches a grocery store, and prizes the door open with a stout crow-bar and enters, finding a basket, he places it on the floor and puts into it a ham, then a sack of flour. Meal, sugar, lard and coffee followed, till the basket is quite full. "Now the little ones shall have plenty to eat," he muttered, and a smile of intense satisfaction parted his lips.

A heavy hand was laid roughly on his shoulder, and turning, he found himself confronted by the proprietor of the store.

Shame, anger, fear and sorrow surged up into his heart. Then, goaded to desperation, he turns upon his aggressor. Sharp but decisive the conflict. Backward and forward they struggled, neither speaking a word, but both straining every nerve for the mastery. A look of grim determination settles down upon Brown's visage. Freeing his right arm from the storekeeper's grip he seizes a ten-pound weight and brings it down with all his strength on the head of his antagonist. A feeble groan and the storekeeper's grasp relaxes, and he falls limp and lifeless at John's feet.

"My God!" he gasps, "what have I done?" He stood for a moment gazing down in abject terror upon his bloody work, held by a strange fascination.

A few beams of the morning light, struggling through a crack in the door reminded him that day was dawning.

Seized by a sudden fear he darted out of the door, carrying the basket with him. Onward he

flew, never pausing in his flight till he stopped, panting and breathless at his own door. The day was bright and cheerful. It was a lovely spring morning, and already the trees had begun to don their brightest vestments. Little birds hopped and twittered among the green foliage; a mocking-bird perched upon the topmost branch of a cherry tree poured forth a flood of melody as if he were trying to burst his little throat in expressing his joy at the return of spring. The sun cast down his caressing beams over the little town as if he were bestowing upon it all his light. But while the outer world was gay and happy, there was one heart in which no ray of sunshine entered to dispel the remorse and dark broodings to which it was a prey. John's heart was filled with the horror of his double crime and the punishment it would merit were it brought to light. The town went wild over the mysterious murder, and a search was immediately instituted, but nothing came of it save a bit of cloth (apparently torn from a coat) found near the dead man. Blood-hounds were sent for, and when they arrived were given the scrap of cloth. They began circling around the house, gradually widening the circle until two of them found the scent and gave note. The rest of the pack followed, and they traced the trail till it stopped in front of John's door.

On a search being made, the basket was found and identified; then the remainder of the goods were discovered. Here was another crime unfolded. He was not only a murderer, but a robber.

Brown was arrested and cast into the county jail to await his trial. It was short but severe and decisive, for the evidence was overwhelming. He was condemned to

lifelong imprisonment. With tears in his eyes he besought the judge to grant him a pardon. "Think of my wife!" he sobbed in heart-broken accents. "Think of my starving babes, you who are yourself a father, think of my poor little ones, and have mercy!"

The stern old judge quickly brushed away a tear that persisted in starting to his eye, but in that gesture there was no sign of relenting. "Young man," he said, and a touch of softness sounded in his voice, "young man, you should have considered these things before your crimes were perpetrated. Your sentence has been given; Justice has spoken, and her words are *irrevocable*. Sheriff, remove the prisoner; clerk, bring on the next case." The remorseless wheels of Justice were again put into motion.

* * * * *

Seven years have elapsed, and a forlorn looking stranger alights from the cars at Chatawa. He is thin and haggard, with sunken cheeks and blood-shot eyes. His coat is worn and threadbare and his elbows protrude, while his trousers are torn and tattered. To add to his strange appearance, his long shaggy hair is wild and unkempt, and his grizzled beard, which is about a foot long, looks as if a comb has not been used upon it for years.

He casts an uneasy, hunted look about him, but his fears are groundless. Although he sees many familiar faces, none recognize in this poor, emaciated outcast the light-hearted and buoyant John Brown of old.

Perhaps you will wonder at his being out of prison after seven years, when he was condemned for life. No, he has not escaped as you doubtless surmise. He would not, nay, he *could* not make such an attempt. He has,

nestling close to his heart, a pardon from the Governor.

He always did what he was told, with a listless regularity that plainly indicated a broken heart. He was well liked by the warden because he was as docile as a lamb and never caused any trouble.

He never murmured at anything but took what was given him with quiet resignation until he came to be looked upon as a model prisoner. Year by year he grew thinner and more morose. He scarcely ever ate; in fact he only took enough to keep life in his body. The prison physician told the warden that unless some extraordinary means could be devised for diverting him from the thoughts that seemed to prey upon his mind night and day, he would die before the end of the month. The upshot of it all was that the warden acquainted the Governor with the fact, and this, together with his extraordinarily good conduct, procured for Brown a pardon.

When the jailer told him that he was a free man he seemed dazed. "Can it be true? *Can* it be true? No! No!! No!!! 'tis but a snare to lure me back to the scene of my perdition."

What conflicting emotions of happiness and regret surge up into his heart as he is whirled past all the familiar scenes of his childhood. Happiness at the thought of seeing his wife and children once more, and regret for his act that had parted them. At last the train, amid much rumbling and creaking of brakes, comes to a standstill and he leaps on to the platform. With hasty steps and a beating heart he turns toward his home. A great change has taken place. The once beautiful garden is now choked with weeds, and strange children, playing on the walk, gaze open-mouthed at the

wild-eyed stranger. He approaches, and knocks at the door, but a strange face meets him. His mind misgives him: perhaps his house is the one next door. "Will you kindly tell me if this is the house of John Brown?" he asked. "It was" answered the woman, "but when he was sent to prison, his wife, having no means of support, mortgaged it; when the time was up she could not pay the interest, so she had to give up the house, and we rented it from the owner."

"What became of her then?" he asked, his voice sinking so low as to be scarcely audible.

"Oh!" said the woman, who evidently had a great love for gossip, "all his children except the oldest died; and he and his mother are in the poor-house (if they haven't died), and have been for four years."

This was the heaviest blow of all, and his whole frame was convulsed with sobs. His children dead, his wife turned out of house and home, and *all* on his account.

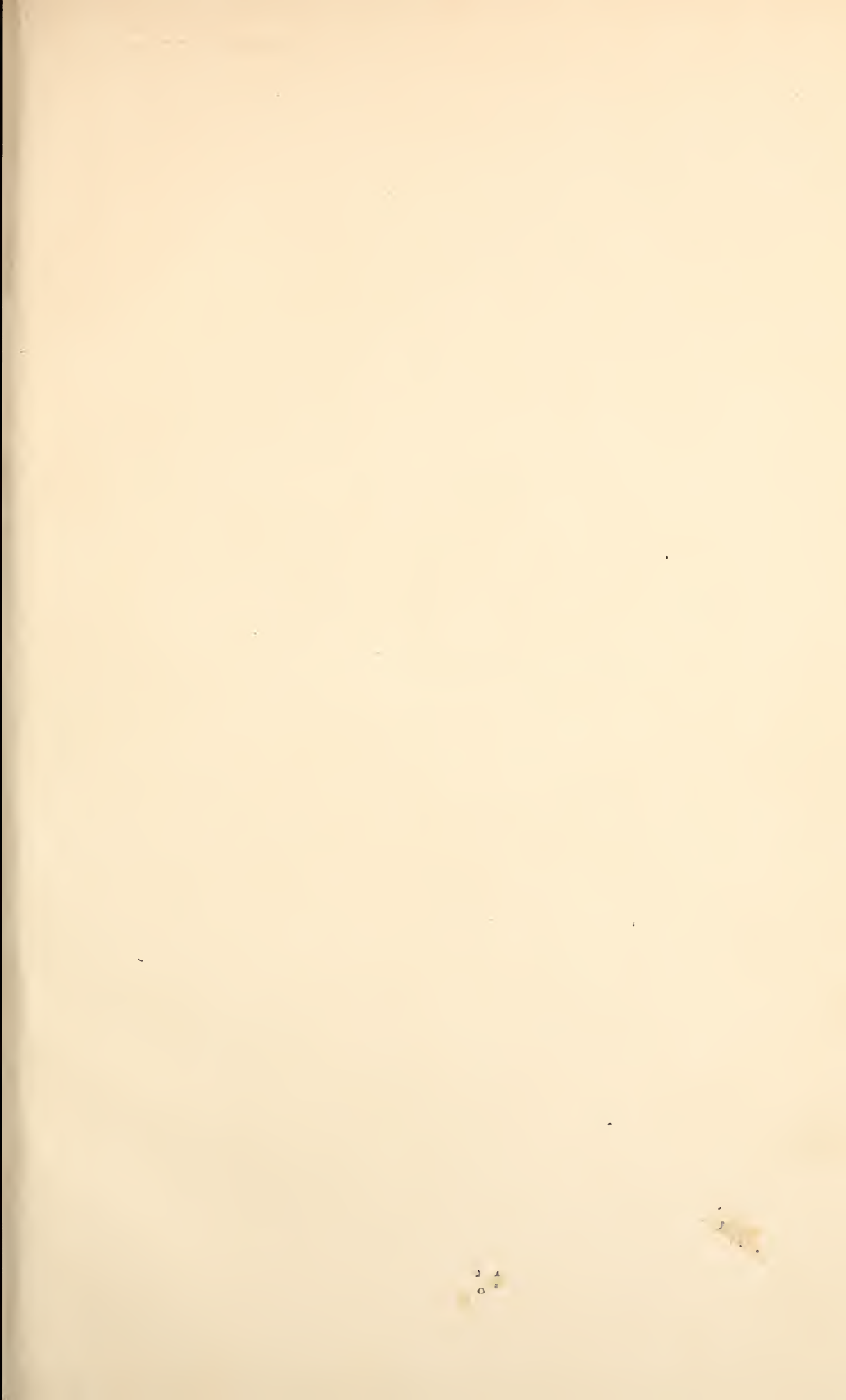
He could not bear up under this terrible thought, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

"Why, John, dear, you must have had a frightful dream; wake up and hear the good news." He opened his eyes and beheld his wife standing in front of him with an open letter in her hand. He received her into his arms, and with a heart overflowing with love and joy, he related his dream. Then, taking the extended letter, he read aloud:

Mr. John Brown, Chatawa, Miss.:

Dear Sir:—Having been informed of the honesty of your character, and your willingness to work, I have concluded to give you a trial as clerk in my store, at \$1.50 per day as a start. Be at my office to-morrow at 9:30 sharp, and you can begin work immediately.

Yours truly, JAS. A. WHITNEY.





E. E. Bernheimer '87



Angelo Festorazzi M.D. '84

ANGELO FESTORAZZI, M. D.

ANGELO FESTORAZZI, M. D., was born in Mobile, June 17th, 1864. Captain Festorazzi, his father, at that time Italian Consul in our city, was highly esteemed for his stainless character and still has the reputation of having been one of the bravest and most respected citizens of our Gulf City.

Dr. Festorazzi was educated at Spring Hill College, where he made all his classical studies. Here he laid the foundation of the successful career and popular favor that distinguishes him now among all classes. His memory is still fresh and coupled with the idea of a boy of determined character, who seemed to understand even then that life was a reality and still knew how to enter with spirit into every game and sport. Useless to say that such a boy was a favorite both among the students and his professors. He left Spring Hill with distinguished marks, graduating in 1884. After so many years the Doctor still speaks lovingly of his Alma Mater and takes a most lively interest in her well-being and success.

On leaving the classic halls of old Spring Hill he entered at once upon the study of medicine under the preceptorship of Dr. Rhett Goode, himself a pupil of Spring Hill. He graduated at the Medical College of Alabama after a three years' course, March 31, 1887. To fit himself even more thoroughly for the profession in which he was to achieve such a marvellous success he followed the post-graduate course in New York and for two months held the position of surgeon in the out-patient department of the Chambers Street Hospital.

In Spring 1888 he returned to his native city, there to enter upon

his life career. And assuredly he must have always had a high idea of the profession, seeing the pains he took and the studies through which he went in order to come up to the standard he had set to himself. Dr. Festorazzi's presence is a sunbeam to the poor patient, and this amiable exterior added to his thorough medical skill no doubt helped greatly to the rapid spread of his professional reputation.

Dr. Festorazzi's name figures prominently in several scientific and charitable organizations. It was mainly through his personal influence that the Catholic Knights of America held in Mobile their last biennial convention. He is their medical examiner as also of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He is a member of the Mobile Medical Society, and was assistant surgeon of the First Regiment of Alabama State Troops and of the famous Lomax Rifles of Mobile.

The following address was delivered by Dr. Festorazzi at the meeting of the Association of Military Surgeons of the National Guard of the United States. He was a member of the committee which drew up the constitution and by-laws of this organization. Dr. Senn of Chicago, president of the order, appointed him to answer the welcome extended to them by the city of St. Louis.

"Mr. Chairman, Fellows of the Association of Military Surgeons of the National Guards of the United States, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our distinguished president has accorded to me the honor of responding to the cordial welcome which has so warmly and eloquently greeted us.

"It would have been more agreeable to me, and I am sure more entertaining to this large audience, had the duty fallen upon some member of the association better versed in language, and more gifted in happy thought than myself, but should I not maintain the honor of the position assigned me, I beg that you will ascribe the failure to any cause save want of interest in our organization, or lack of appreciation of the noble and generous sentiments that have been so gracefully expressed.

"The great State of Missouri, through her eloquent chief magistrate bids us welcome. The city of St. Louis, one of the commercial centers of this land, rising in all her grandeur and majesty upon the banks of the Father of Waters, through her popular and efficient highest executive officer, extends to us the hand of welcome.

"Our professional brothers of this city, true to those fraternal feelings that animate the profession everywhere, speaking through one of their eminent fellows, bid us welcome. This outpouring of beauty and chivalry, which I see filling every nook and corner of this magnificent hall, fortifies and strengthens every word of welcome uttered by the speakers.

"To say the sentiments expressed have deeply touched our hearts, and aroused in them harmonious and responsive echoes, is to but feebly reflect the feelings which glow in the bosom of the members of "The National Guard of Military Surgeons" here present.

"A reception so enthusiastic and cordial can but impress us that our choice of a meeting place was indeed fortunate and happy. Since this audience has manifested so much interest in our meeting, they are entitled to know something of the plans and purpose of our organization. It had

its birth about one year ago. Vividly do I recall the feelings with which I witnessed the first assemblage of Military Surgeons of the National Guards of the United States. A new estimate of the profession was formed in my mind, and my heart swelled with honest pride as I met the gifted members assembled in scientific council, sacrificing their time willingly, aye, cheerfully, in the pursuit of measures to elevate their science, to pluck from the destroying angel's quiver some of his envenomed shafts, and to interpose between suffering humanity and ills that threaten the life of the soldier in camp, as well as on the battle-field.

"The annual meeting of our association will, and must be, full of profit to each one of us individually. The kindly feelings, the warm sympathies, the spirit of generous emulation which they inspire, will alone make us feel that our convocations are not mere mockery nor hollow forms. The familiar interchange of opinions, the many new facts and ideas introduced in the papers that will be read, and the discussions that will ensue, all combine to make a volume of useful and practical information which we may treasure up for future use.

"The spirit and success of our association must depend upon the individual exertion of its members. As every drop helps to make up the mighty ocean, so every ray of medical light from whatever source will add to the daily increasing splendor of the sun of military surgery which is rising towards its meridian splendor.

"Fellow comrades, we are here to-day in a dual capacity, as surgeons in the National Guard of our country, and as physicians to the public. All recognize that the life of the physician is no flowery

bed of ease. Labor, toil and vigilance are the records of his daily life, and the recompense, though at times regarded by the outside world as in excess of labor performed, yet how few can trace the constant drawings upon his mental and physical constitution.

But as military surgeons, our path would be still more strewn with thorns and perils in our efforts to repair the ghastly wounds of grim-visaged war. Many think that the courage of the battle field is easily aroused, and that under the stimulus of waving banners and pealing bugles cowards may become courageous, brave and daring, but not so with the military surgeon. He must coolly discharge his duty without such aids to his courage. A gross fallacy exists in the minds of many people, namely, that army surgeons while attending the wounded in an engagement, are in the rear and out of danger. Such is not the fact. The duty of the medical officer takes him on the fighting line to render immediate aid to those shot down by bullets that are no respecters of individuals. Surgeons often render professional assistance to the wounded at the place where they fall. All that is usually done under the fire of the enemy, and the surgeon freely jeopardizes his safety and life while coolly discharging his professional duties.

"With all these responsibilities resting upon us, with all these cares before us, there should be a spirit awakened in every member of this association that will make him feel that he has higher objects in view than mere sordid interest; that place a hope before his eyes that shines brighter, far brighter, than the glittering of gold, and while pursued with that energy which the desire to do well, to deserve immortality, inspires, must

elevate him as aspirant, and ennoble the profession to which he belongs, and give vitality and permanency to all his efforts for the public good.

"When I realize that we are assembled here to-day as military men, coming from every portion of our great Republic, a most happy thought enters my mind. As I gaze upon this large, refined and intelligent audience, I am proud that the fair ones, as well as the chivalry of St. Louis, bear us witness. The thought to which I allude is this: The fact that the association exists, the fact that we are mingling socially and professionally together, adds another demonstration to the many already made, that sectional feeling no longer exists between us, but that peace reigns supreme.

"This gathering is another declaration to the world that in the United States, there is no more South, no more North, but a united country. Boldly and openly it manifests to all that the once bleeding and helpless hand of the South is now grasped in friendship, and caressed in love, by the great and powerful North. It proclaims to the world that the people of the North, the people of the East, the people of the West, the people of the South, with united hands have taken the bloody shirt that has been flaunted in our eyes for over twenty years, and folded it up and buried it so deep that the hand of resurrection will never find it.

"They have buried it in some secluded spot with no head-stone to mark its eternal resting-place. It fulfills the words in the prophecy of Webster, 'Standing hand to hand, and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united, and united for-

ever.' There have been difficulties, contentions and controversies, but

"Those opened eyes
Which like the meteors of a troubled
heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance
bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well beseeeming
ranks,
March all one way."

"And now, kind citizens of St. Louis, the warm reception tendered us, the cordial greeting offered us on your behalf, through your executive and municipal officers, and the medical profession of your city, shall ever live in memory. Allow me to say that when our labors shall have closed,

every member of this association will carry back to his distant home, pleasant memories of his sojourn in this metropolis, and the associations and ties of friendship now formed, will cause each of us in after days, when the twilight dews are falling around us, and the shadows of life are a little longer grown, to echo the sentiments:

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are
dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night, but in some happier
clime,
Bid me good-morning."

SOME STRAY REMARKS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY S. APPERIOUS, '00.

THE qualities of mind and body which go to make the true speaker are so many and so excellent, that few can aspire to perfection in the noble art of Oratory. Yet we know that it is not with oratory as it is with poetry or other ornamental arts. In public speaking even mediocrity has its value and he who cannot rise to the sublime and pathetic may shine with reputation and usefulness in the plain and simple form of eloquence.

Even without extraordinary natural talent, an early and careful training can achieve much towards the formation of an efficient and elegant speaker. For though it be true that the orator, as the poet, is born not made; yet native talents alone cannot make him perfect. The crustations which nature has placed around the diamond must be chiselled away before its brilliancy can be

seen and the inborn qualities of the orator must receive the polish of education before they can appear in all their beauty.

The Greeks well understood the necessity of early training in public speaking. The attention they bestowed throughout life, but especially in youth, on acquiring proficiency in the art of oratory, was almost unbounded. With them education was so much directed to the study of Rhetoric and the practice of Oratory, that it formed in most of the academies the main object of instruction. Blair tells us that it was this early and constant practice that gave the Grecian statesmen and generals such wonderful command of the means of moving the human heart and enabled them in the most trying situations and often in the crisis of a battle to utter those noble and impassioned sentiments which frequently de-

terminated the fate of the day, or even the the fortune of their illustrious nation.

It has been asserted that genuine eloquence could not thrive except in a free and independent country. Whatever may be the truth of this assertion, it is a fact that with us, public speaking or oratory has become almost a necessity. It is now learned and practised as an art throughout the country. We have numberless debating clubs where wise and solemn politicians still in their teens discuss weighty questions of state. Most of our colleges boast of their mimic houses of representatives, where the speaker is serious and dignified, as if the nation's destiny depended on his words.

These oratorical efforts of our embryo statesmen, as well as most of our Fourth of July orations, and election day speeches, contain, no doubt much of what we call bun-kum. Yet they go to prove that public speaking is much practised in this country and that, therefore, we ought to improve every opportunity and adopt every means to become proficient in an art which, if well employed, may procure our own and our fellowman's welfare

Now, to become a successful popular speaker and to obtain power and control over the masses, it is, I think more necessary to be able to put the subject matter graphically and vividly before the hearers than logically and tersely. For it is a fact that in most persons the purely intellectual faculties are not nearly so well developed as the animal power of feeling and emotion. To follow reason, often needs an effort, but to follow feelings is the natural instinct and the spontaneous impulse of every creature. He, therefore, who succeeds in enlisting the feelings on his side, will

carry the bulk of people more certainly than the deepest philosopher or the most skilful logician, unless they, too, can work upon the feelings of the hearers.

If we read carefully the speeches of the most successful orators of modern times we shall find that a lightness of style, a pleasant and familiar language, a vein of humor and a sense of the ludicrous are general characteristics. There is no doubt that it is not so much the matter itself as the manner of delivering it that pleases the audience. The depth of passion depicted on the countenance, the graceful play of the arms and hands which interpret the feelings, the flash of the eyes, the thrill of the voice, the inflections and alteration of tones, will surely attract notice and arrest attention. If to this be added a sympathetic heart, a fluency of language, a vividness and boldness of expression, a commanding presence, the speaker may have nothing deep or remarkable to utter and yet be classed by an admiring audience among the best of orators.

There are strong objections to dramatic attitudes and to the introduction of the tricks of the stage into oratory,

"Avant all attitudes and stare
And start theatric practised at the glass,"

says the poet, yet a little acting is generally very effective to rouse the feelings and gain the good will of a mixed audience.

The orator, says Cicero, must not only be a logician and a philosopher, but also a poet and an actor. With the crowd the acting and the poetry are, in my opinion, more necessary and usually more effective than the dry logic or deep philosophy.

I will end these few borrowed remarks by saying, with the prince

of orators, that *eloquence is as much in the ear as in the tongue*, and that the speaker who can deliver his message and teach his lessons in a pleasing and graceful manner will draw an audience and be listened

to with pleasure, while the dry rhetorician, steeped though he be "*in Socraticis sermonibus*," will be left to hem and haw to vacant chairs and empty halls.

THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

BY GEORGE McDONNELL, '99.

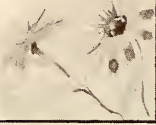
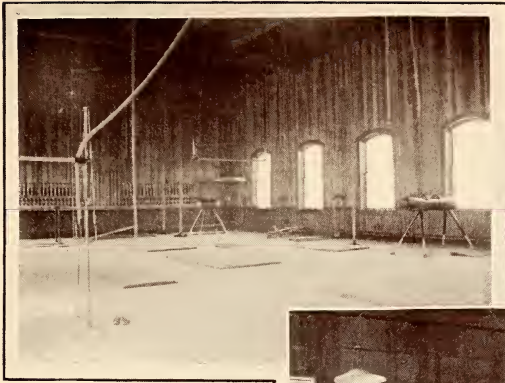
ONE day the Duke of Wellington, speaking of his world-famed victory over the first Napoleon, remarked: "The Battle of Waterloo was fought and won years ago on the plains of Eton." By this he meant to convey the idea that the men who so signally accomplished the overthrow of France's ruthless conqueror had schooled themselves for such an issue while battling for the palm in athletics during their University days.

On first impulses, one might be inclined to think that "The great world victor's Victor" did much overrate the influence of college sports and contests on a man's future career. A great deal may be said about this much-mooted question and varied arguments advanced for and against the point in debate. Some contend that beyond the mere development of brawn and sinew and the making of strong and skilful knights of the oar, track, gridiron or diamond, little can be brought forth in favor of scholastic athletics. Nevertheless, to anyone who gives the subject his serious consideration it will readily appear that the Great Duke, in this, as in other more serious matters, displayed uncommon perspicacity and depth of judgment.

For, leaving out of account the merely physical advantages to be derived from a scientific system of bodily training, the athletic

campus is an admirable school of discipline for after life. Here are brought into action and cultivated the two prime requisities for success in any career, self-confidence and self-control. These constitute the offensive and the defensive qualities necessary for securing victory on the world's broad battle-ground. One is the sword to strike, the other the shield to parry; one the spur to urge on, the other the rein to hold in the fiery steed of ambition. The former won the day at Trenton, the latter was triumphant at Valley Forge; the former made Washington the illustrious conqueror and hero, the latter transformed him into the honest patriot and statesman.

Self-confidence and self-control! In every truth, what more fitting field for the cultivation and exercise of these two manly virtues than the College Campus and Gymnasium? Here it is that youth learns to assume the aggressive, to stamp down obstacles, to be alert, courageous, far-seeing, unflinching in his plans and projects; here he is taught to bear and forbear, to rein in his eagerness for attack, to bide his time in patience, to let judgment take precedence of impulse. Here, also, numberless opportunities of strengthening and controlling character present themselves, thereby affording the young the grandest preparation for properly entering upon the arena of manhood.



VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE.

Hence, we are not surprised that the heads of colleges and universities in this country and Europe, fully alive to the immense benefits accruing to mind and body from a judicious and well conducted system of athletic exercises, have given their serious attention to this branch of culture and have spared no pains to place it on a proper footing in their educational courses. They are convinced with the ancient Greek and Roman masters that a "mens sana" can better exist and perform its functions in a "corpore sano," and, in consequence, have made bodily development go hand in hand with mental cultivation. The gymnasium has become a natural appendage to the lecture room.

In this progressive march, Spring Hill College has by no means been a laggard. Among its students it has always since its inception boasted a galaxy of adept sportsmen in various lines, and during past years its reputation for athletics has been of a high order. However, it is only within the past twelvemonth that its president and faculty have definitely taken steps towards aiding the boys in the scientific development of their talents. They have, at a great expense, inaugurated an athletic revival, the outcome of which will be to place our Alma Mater on a basis equal to that of any other college in the country. To form some idea of their labors towards this end, it is only necessary to pay a visit to the magnificent pile which has been erected on the Senior students' grounds. Though the structure has been put up in one almost uniform row, yet, according to the original plan, there are really two distinct buildings. One of these, the gymnasium proper, is a splendid brick edifice 155 feet long, 40 feet broad and 35 feet high. It is

divided into two compartments, one of which is 85 feet in length and the other 70. The latter is equipped with a complete supply of gymnastic apparatus procured from A. G. Spalding & Bros. Here the members can find instruments that exercise any and every muscle, sinew and thw of the body. The walls are lined with chest weights, dumb bells, Indian clubs, and bar bells; from the sturdy rafters are suspended trapezes, swinging and travelling rings and a horizontal bar, while in various angles and turns can be seen the vaulting horse and buck, the rowing machine, parallel bars and punching bag. These are only some of the attractions for the student anxious to become an Achilles in shapeliness, strength and suppleness of body.

The other of these compartments is a miniature roofed-in-play-ground supported by five massive columns of the Doric type. It affords excellent facilities for the indoor practice of base ball, hand ball and various other exercises such as pole-vaulting, tumbling, etc., Convenient lockers and shower baths will also be provided for the use of the members. The arrangements for light and ventilation are of the very best and in fact no expense has been spared to make the gymnasium a paradise of delight for the College athlete.

Just adjoining the Gymnasium and in a line with it, another stately structure likewise of brick has been erected. It has been built to harmonize with the former edifice, and in width and height is exactly the same. It measures ninety feet in length and is portioned off into three sections, intended respectively for a Reading Room and Library, a Billiard Parlor and a Music Hall. The interior is of stained and polished pine,

and the ceiling is coved. They are handsome and cosy apartments admirably adapted to their various ends.

The Library is furnished with several thousand volumes of the choicest works of ancient and modern authors neatly stacked in four elegant walnut-stained cases. At the west end of this room has been erected a semi-circular rostrum elevated about two-and-a-half feet from the floor, for the use of the Literary Society and Elocution Class. Chairs and tables are ranged around at suitable intervals and the walls are decorated with a choice selection of oil and water paintings and sketches.

The Billiard Parlor, twenty feet long, is fitted up with two fine Brunswick-Balke tables with racks and cues to match. The Music Hall which is the last room in the building, covers a stretch of thirty feet. It is supplied with music stands, an instrument case and other appurtenances of a brass band. It will in due time be furnished with lockers in which to keep the showy blue uniforms of the band members.

Along the entire length of this beautiful row of well-proportioned compartments extends a wide, brick wall 14 feet in width, which overlooks the large campus of the Seniors. This campus, admitted to be one of the best College grounds in the South, is rectangular in shape and measures 350 feet from East to West by 290 the

other way. It is intended to supplement the Gymnasium in affording the student the most adequate means of outdoor athletics. In the North-east corner is situated a base ball diamond, on which the local team contends for honors with visiting clubs from Mobile. At the upper West end are two large hand ball alleys and in the lower East corner the lover of the stringed racket will find an excellent tennis court. Around the borders of the campus, it is proposed to run a race track, oval in shape, which will be kept in first-class condition and will undoubtedly be greatly patronized by bicyclist, sprinters and pedestrians.

From a glance at the above improvements carried out during the past year, it will be seen what an excellent start Spring Hill has made in the way of securing athletic advantages for its scholars. It has taken a bold stand in meeting this modern demand, and it is to be hoped that the good work will be pushed on to perfection. Then the day is not far distant when this honored seat of learning will be as noted for the physical training as for the moral and mental culture it imparts to its students. We have no doubt that the wearers of the purple and white, availing themselves of the golden opportunities offered them by their Alma Mater, will become the successful rivals of our most famous College Athletes.

IN IMAGINEM SS. CORDIS JESU.

Cor sacrum Jesu, mira dulcedine plenum,

O Cor cujus onus tam leve, suave jugum!

Cur te flamma urit, cur spinea vincula cingunt?

Cur pondus crucis, et plaga cruore rubens?

—Tristitiam crux et spineae, docet ignis amorem,

Vulneris in arcem condere corda volo!

SCHOLARSHIPS IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

EVERY now and then, some little stir is caused in Catholic academic circles by the publication, in one of our many journals of an article, in which an attempt is made to prove that the colleges conducted by priests and religious are far inferior to those under so-called non-sectarian management. Such an attack seldom fails to elicit a reply from a professor in one of the institutions criticised. Then ensues a controversy, which however interesting it may prove to Catholic educators, as far as the general public is concerned, hardly succeeds in producing any definite result. Now, while it can scarcely be denied, that in such discussions the defendants seldom fail to make out the better case; still, it must be admitted that these debates frequently leave behind them a suspicion, that however excellent our colleges may be in many respects, there are certain points in which they do not compare favorably with rival institutions. This is mainly due to the fact, that the writers of the articles of which mention has been made in the beginning of this paper, are in most cases practical Catholics. Moreover, they profess to write in no hostile spirit; they declare, that they deplore an unfortunate state of affairs and by no means seek to cast blame on any person, or on any body of men. Can, then, the suspicion alluded to be utterly groundless? That it is not we will now proceed to show.

The simplest mode of treating this question will be, to begin by declaring the cause of all the defects to be found in our educational establishments. It may be expressed in one word—poverty. While non-sectarian colleges are, for the most part, richly endowed;

Catholic institutions have no source of support but the scanty tuition fees received from pupils. The former are almost continually receiving valuable presents in the shape of land or money; from time to time generous patrons erect for them new and splendid halls and dormitories; it is seldom that they lack friends able and willing to add fresh collections to their well-stocked libraries. The latter are left to depend so entirely upon their own resources, that the least trifle bestowed upon them is looked upon as a great benefit. Of course, these remarks do not apply to some few, very few, Catholic colleges in exceptionally good circumstances. But even these lack much, and their good fortune serves but to emphasize the poverty of the others.

Now what is the result of this state of affairs? To begin with, our buildings are, only too often, positively shabby in appearance. From an aesthetic point of view this is certainly deplorable; but unfortunately, good reader, we have neither time, nor space nor even inclination, to consider the matter under this aspect. We must descend to a lower plane, and look at it from a more utilitarian point of view. As there are many persons, who, in some mysterious way, judge of the contents of a book by its binding, and entertain the rather remarkable opinion, that the value of an author's thoughts is in direct proportion to the splendor of the cover, that shrouds them; so there are many parents, who seem to think, that the grander the college buildings, the more learned must be the professors, who lecture in them, and the finer must be the education, which they impart. Acting in accordance with such views,

they withdraw their sons from the shabby little college, and send them to some wealthy institution, where their delicate aesthetic sensibilities, will not be wounded by the sight of bare, dull-colored brick walls, or shapeless, straggling piles of buildings. But the evil does not stop here. The example set by these persons is followed by many others, to whom they are, if we may use the expression, animated canons of taste. And why should they not be? for they are quite respectable, or, better still, very rich.

So much for the exterior of the establishment: is the interior any better? Let us take a peep into the class-rooms. They might be much worse, decidedly, they might. Obviously, an attempt has been made, and not without success, to ventilate and light them properly. We need not look long to assure ourselves, that the authorities believe in cleanliness. So far, so good. But the furniture does not appear to be exactly what one would call up-to-date. Then there is a certain "crowded" look about the room that does not please us. If we continue on in our tour of exploration, and examine the apartments set aside for the departments of Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy; what do we find? Ah! we miss the grand, roomy lecture-halls we have been accustomed to see in other institutions; and as far as instruments are concerned, we see, that what is essential is not wanting, but for many things highly useful we would look in vain.

Suppose, now, that one of the professors should make his appearance. A little chat would not be a bad thing. Evidently, we are talking to a gentleman, and a very pleasant one, too. But this does not satisfy us; for we

are naturally inquisitive, and we are very anxious to find out what the man knows. We choose some subject with which we are indifferently well acquainted.

We had intended to quiz our new acquaintance; but we find him very well informed in all that relates to the matter. What is our surprise when he informs us that he is teaching an altogether different branch of learning! Now, dear, good reader, do not think that we have been placing before you the picture of an ideal professor. Neither have we been describing an exceptionally good teacher in some one model college. We protest that we have set before you a type, not an individual.

"There are a thousand such elsewhere
'As worthy of your wonder."

But have we not forgotten something? Yes. In our anxiety to introduce you to one of the teaching staff, we have neglected to show you what some unwisely look upon as a mere adjunct to an educational establishment; but which, in reality is, or should be, an essential part. You have not seen the boys' library. This department possesses the negative merit of containing nothing that can, in any way, be considered as prejudicial to faith or morals. A little further examination will serve to convince us that it may lay claim to another quality of the same order: it is free from what is intellectually objectionable. But are all its virtues negative? Let us examine the cases. Good taste has been displayed in the choice of authors; but how many works, that are deemed almost necessary, are missing! Much might be said, also, with regard to the arrangements of the room; but we have already delayed too long on these matters.

Such are all the defects to be

found in our Catholic colleges. The question now arises: Are they utterly irremediable? No; certainly not. There is a remedy which, if employed, could certainly remove, in whole or in part, the evils enumerated. As the cause of all the short-comings to be found in our colleges can be expressed by the one word, poverty, so can their remedy by the one word, endowment. But endowment may imply one of three things. It may mean the foundation of the college: the furnishing it with funds from which can be derived permanent and steady revenues sufficient for the maintenance of the whole establishment. It may signify the foundation of chairs or professorships; or finally, the establishment of scholarships.

Each of these modes of endowment has its own special advantages; but it is only the last on which we can afford to enlarge in this paper. To the second plan, for many reasons, we cannot give so much as a passing notice. The first, considered in itself, is certainly by far the best; but on its merits we need not delay, for, under existing circumstances, it seems, as far as the great bulk of our colleges is concerned, hardly feasible. A large sum of money would be required for the proper foundation of a single institution. Now, there are but few Catholics sufficiently wealthy to attempt such a work singly; and as for getting many to unite in such a project, this, as things now stand, appears, for various reasons, little short of impossible. So we need not dwell longer on this point.

Let us now consider the third and last plan for affording relief to our struggling institutions. It recommends itself on many grounds. In the first place, it is perfectly feasible. For there are but few cities in the union of any

considerable size, in which there is not many a Catholic possessed of sufficient wealth to be able to contribute singly, without inconveniencing himself, the sum necessary for the endowment of a scholarship. Many could easily found two or three. It may be objected, that though many possess the requisite wealth, few are endowed with the no less necessary generosity. But this is hardly a correct estimate of the actual state of affairs. What is really wanting is the knowledge, both of the condition in which our colleges are, and of the means which could be employed for their improvement. If our wealthy Catholics once realized these two things, and it would not be hard to make them do so, they would, we feel assured, act promptly.

But there is another way in which the requisite funds could be raised. Connected with every church there are societies having for their object the performance of works of mercy, corporal and spiritual. Each of the more numerous of these bodies could endow a scholarship in some Catholic institution. It would be a work in full accordance with the object of the society. No individual would be called on to contribute more than a very small sum. Neither could there be anything to prevent unity of action, for such an obstacle could arise only from diversity of opinion, which could not exist here. This can easily be shown. Opinions could vary only with regard to these three things: The conditions to accompany the grant, the institution to receive it, the amount of money required. But such a gift must by its very nature be unconditional, as no one can fail to see, who gives the matter a careful thought. There would be a natural inclination to select as the re-

cipient of the society's bounty the institution in which most of the members had been educated. If, which is not very likely, none had received a college education, choice would almost inevitably fall upon the most prominent institution in the city or state. As for the sum required, any business man could determine it exactly in less than ten minutes.

It is hardly worth our while to enlarge on what might be done by means of legacies. It may not be amiss, however, to remark in passing that Catholics would show much more wisdom, and would do some real good, if, instead of scattering small bequests—so small as to prove almost useless—among many institutions of various kinds, they would bequeath one large sum for some praiseworthy object.

But the plan we advocate possesses other and higher qualities in addition to mere feasibility. We will endeavor to put clearly before our readers what appears to us to be its chief merit. In every village we meet with boys gifted by nature with talents of no mean order, and by no means wanting in ambition or industry, but who seem doomed to grow up in ignorance, simply because they are too poor to pay for the education, of which they could make such good use. The authorities of our colleges would be quite willing to educate such boys gratis; but this is frequently not in their power. This is more especially the case when there is question of boarding colleges; for, in addition to imparting instruction, they would be obliged to furnish food and lodging. This with their slender resources, it would often be impossible for them to do. But even when the institution is able to receive a few students free of charge—and here we refer especially to those that do not admit

boarders—a new, and in some respects greater, difficulty frequently arises. Shame prevents the boy or his parents from accepting such a favor. They would feel themselves degraded, if they were to allow such a benefit to be conferred upon them; for they could not help looking upon it as an act of charity done to them. The mere thought of such a thing they can not endure. Now, the foundation of a number of scholarships in each of our colleges would introduce a complete change in this evil state of affairs. The colleges could easily receive many youths to whom now they may be forced to refuse admission. The delicacy on the part of boys or their parents, to which we have alluded, would not here have place. For no one imagines that he who accepts a scholarship, thereby places himself in the light of an object of charity. On the contrary he is considered as a very fortunate being; or even as having received the reward due to merit.

There are many other advantages on which it would not be unprofitable to say a few words; but we have already, it is to be feared, transgressed our limits. We will conclude by remarking, that few can appreciate the full extent of the good that would be done to Catholic colleges, if the plan, which an attempt has been made to advocate in this paper, were carried out. The revenue arising from even a few scholarships however inconsiderable it might appear to a nonsectarian institution, would enable our college authorities to make vast improvements in every line. For as Catholic education is for the most part in the hands of religious, there can be no question of large salaries, which constitute the chief burden of nonsectarian institutions. Laboring, too, as our

educators do, for the glory of God, money intended for the improvement of the establishments in which they worked.

THE ALABAMA.

BY J. DOUGLAS O'BRIEN, '00.

Among the treasures that Poseidon guards
 'Neath wat'ry walls and caves unfathomed,
 The pearls of Indic seas and coral reefs,
 The gilded prows deep sunk at Salamis,
 Armada's host that forested the sea
 With mast and spar; the prized red Spanish gold
 Stolen by British buccaneers, then lost
 Beneath the waves,—there lies a nobler,
 Purer relic. When the good ship sank,
 The world-famed Alabama, duelling
 Against a mightier foe, the Admiral,
 Like Arthur, then unsheathed his glitt'ring blade,
 Into the sea he flung the trusty sword,
 And where it cut the water circles formed
 Endless that reached the farthest parts of earth.
 And there upon the Alabama's wreck
 It rests, like her no war prize made, its rust
 Fast mingling with the ashes of each prize
 That heretofore the Alabama sunk.

But now internal strife hath passed away,
 And brethren all have learned to weep o'er wrongs
 And evil days that were. A nobler age
 Is now at hand!
 For lo! another Alabama cleaves
 The main, and boys in blue now man her deck.
 Let then the Admiral's Excalibur
 Become her talisman for doughty work
 And deeds of valor; may another Semmes
 In danger guide her: may her officers
 Be Hobsons all.

Now o'er the world of blue
 Kearsage and Alabama side by side
 Shall guard our coasts, or dash to meet the foe,
 Their broadsides gird with thunder, armaments
 Of steel with lads whose hearts are truer far
 Beneath one flag.
 Take to the sea, O noble twain prepared
 If need there be, to stand against the world.

THE RUDDER.

BY C. ANDRÉ LELONG, '01.

ONE evening in summer I was standing on the levee in New Orleans, looking out on the mighty river, watching the great ocean and sailing craft, some lying quietly at their moorings, some coming in from the sea after long voyages and others weighing anchor and gently gliding down the stream to face the unknown dangers of the deep. Now and then one of the ferry-boats would put out from its landing and dart across the river to Algiers or Gretna, picking its way between the larger boats that plied up and down the stream.

Like most small boys when alone I was in a pensive mood, and for the time conscious of the existence of nothing but the swiftly-flowing river and the vessels floating upon its bosom.

I was aroused from my reverie and somewhat startled at the sound of foot-falls a few yards behind me. Turning, I saw a man of venerable appearance coming towards the spot where I was. He was one of those beings to be found in every large city, who, at the close of the day, emerge from their haunts and roam about for a few hours; the dying day seems to have a strange fascination for them; perhaps it is their natural element and they see in the sinking sun the image of the setting light of their own lives. They spring up from nowhere and nobody can say how they spend their days. I perceived that this aged gentleman (for, despite the sheen on his thread-bare coat and the yellow color of his once white straw hat, he was plainly a gentleman) was about to accost me and, not wishing to be outdone by him in civility, I addressed him first.

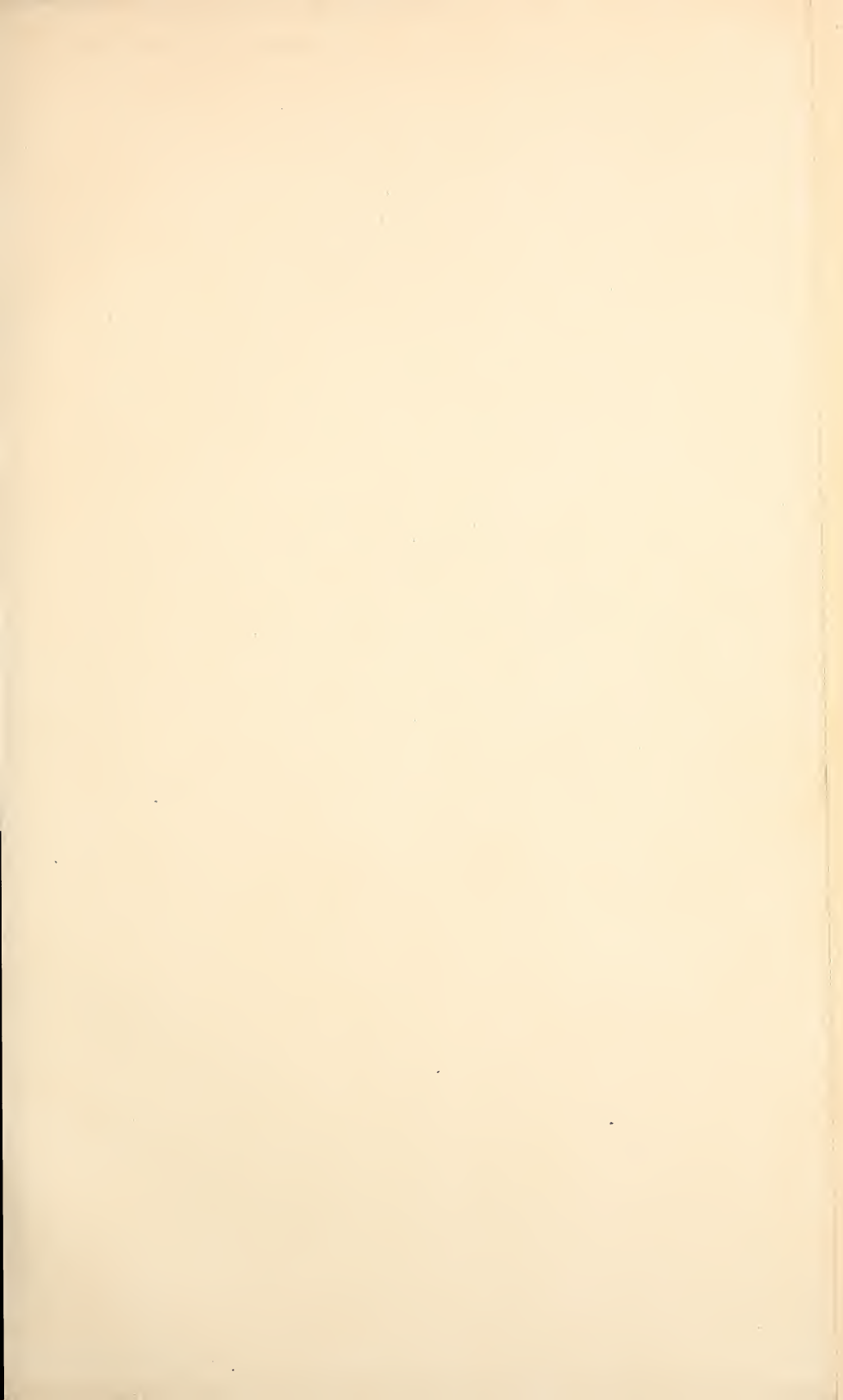
"Good evening, sir!"

"Good evening, my child!" he answered and his voice had in it a low and soft tone that fully bore out the impression made on me by his general appearance.

I felt that I was in the presence of one who living bodily on this earth dwelt in the spirit in another and more lofty world. I looked on him as a Master, come to teach me the lessons of life and there we two stood,—he the Master bearing in his hands his roll of years, from which he gave his lessons, and I, the disciple, with the books of life in my hands, but as yet almost unopened. The part of the pupil is silence and respectful attention, and these I readily yielded to my Master.

"What are you thinking of, my lad, as you watch with your honest blue eyes, the vessels that slowly glide over the water? Beautiful they are and silent as dreams they move down the river and pass from our view out to the ocean to seek some far-off shore. They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, as the seed falls from the hand of the sower, and to be driven by the will of the breezes, wandering aimlessly here and there and slowly fading away into the misty gray of the horizon.

"But yet each one of them moves with a fixed and settled purpose and the winds of the air that fill their sails are but as faithful servants, speeding them on their appointed way. For each of them has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a strong and brave man at the wheel and never for a single instant does he take his hand off that wheel, but forever the will of the man is there and never a mo-





ENTRANCE TO INDIAN CANAL FROM LITTLE LAGOON.

ment passes, day or night, that the vessel does not feel the force of the mind that shapes her path through the waves, and the helmsman's watchful guidance.

"Soon, my boy, you will launch your ship on life's wide, treacherous sea. Make sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale. Keep your hand on the wheel, my child, do not flinch or falter however fiercely may rage the storm, for the will

of man with the help of God shall prevail and conquer all."

I had been staring vacantly into the river while the old man was speaking and when his entrancing voice ceased to sound in my ears I turned to show my appreciation of the good counsel he had given me, but to my astonishment I found that he had slipped away as silently as he had come. I have ever regarded him as an angel from another world.

ROUND BON SECOURS BAY.

BY LUCIANO VILLAMIL, '00.

THE superb Choctaws, who held sway during past centuries over the grand domain, of which our illustrations give an idea, left not only romantic legends of heroic struggles, but most positive evidences of a superior genius. The fortifications which they threw up to defend this ideal spot of southern Alabama, the haven of Bon Secours, against the constant aggressions of their enemies bear witness to this fact.

Giant magnolias fringe the shore and waft their exquisite fragrance over the waters, when of an evening the sailor anchors his vessel safe from wind and storm. A tropical vegetation tells of the richness of the soil, and even slight labor would reap an abundant harvest.

Down to our day it stands an unchallenged champion in all the gifts of nature. The fisherman and hunter may spend here pleasant days, for here he can enjoy the rarest sport. Black bears, deer, opossums, hares, turkeys, wild ducks, geese, curlews, cranes, flamingoes, are all to be found in the immediate neighborhood of the bay, and an epicurean could

find in these placid waters every variety of fish that could rejoice his fastidious taste. The Bon Secours oyster stands without a rival in delicacy of flavor and tenderness of meat.

The Choctaw Indians, struck by these wonderful resources and the abundance of game, tarried long on these beautiful shores, hunting the black bear and the majestic stag, and angling for the choicest fish. They had roamed for many years over the Southern lands, but they had never found within such easy reach amid a genial climate, all that made life worth living for them. Many a time the chief had given the order to seek new hunting grounds, but they would not move their wigwams and at last they decided in a council to select this spot for their permanent home. They forgot, in the enjoyment of the hunt, the yearnings after other lands and made of a nomadic tribe a prosperous settlement.

To guard their new homes against their fierce neighbors they built on the left bank of East Bon Secours river a fort, which crowned the high bluff opposite the site

of the beautiful Catholic church of this day. They gathered great quantities of clams and other shells that in their endless variety decked the beach. By a special process unknown to us they prepared a lime of calcined oyster and thus formed a compact mass, which in a short time hardened to the consistency of rock. Their fort was rectangular in shape, very massive, the walls being nearly two feet thick. It easily withstood the attacks of hostile tribes, and for years the Choctaws remained undisputed masters of their inexhaustible hunting grounds. An immense moss-bearded oak marks the site, and the ruins of the ancient stronghold fill the passer-by with wonder. It is a relic to be treasured in the annals of our history, bringing us back to the days when Indian tribes roamed these forests, happy in the gifts with which the Creator had rendered them sublime in their silent grandeur.

The canal, which connects Bay John with Little Lagoon, that enchanting silvery spread of water, so clear and blue, is a work which again proves to us the genius of the Choctaws. They dug it deep enough to allow even their largest canoes to float at every season of the year. Thus they could treasure up in their large storehouses a vast supply of food. A small sandbar separates Little Lagoon from the grand Gulf of Mexico, roaring hoarsely in its efforts to invade the placid abode of the pompano, sheep-head, trout, flounder and spade-fish, that revel here in full security from the ravenous sharks or the sporting porpoise, jumping high to get a glimpse at the Eden of the finny tribe.

* * * * *

A storm of extreme violence was raging on the Gulf of Mexico and on

the Mississippi Sound, driving us eastwardly, never relenting a single moment till we cast anchor in Miller's Cove. Blinding flashes of lightning rent the inky clouds, lent a weird appearance to our surroundings, deafening thunder-peals and the tremulous rumblings of the distant hurricane mingling freely with the rattle of the port chain, paid out swiftly by our watchful mate, rendered all conversation impossible. Our sailors had battled for the last twenty-six hours against head winds and angry waves of unusual height for these waters, but they stood undaunted still, each one at his post and I thought that of such stuff heroes must be made.

Night came on and lulled into peaceful sleep the troubled waters and our party too, welcomed its calming influence and took a rest of which they were in sore need. At day-break, just after coffee, Captain Joseph Martinez hove in sight with the Sapphira. Our genial friend with a merry good-morning invited us to his mansion close by. He came on board our yacht to find out our errand, and he volunteered his services for our explorations. We were glad to be able to add his knowledge to our Indian lore.

After a short walk through the thickly matted woods the whole party came to a standstill in front of the remnants of the once famous Choctaw stronghold. The ravages of time had not entirely obliterated this relic of former days. An immense live-oak with its distorted limbs entwined by the runners of a gigantic fox-vine, heavily bearded with Spanish moss slowly balancing with the balmy breeze, shades now the old Indian fort. The rigid outlines of a defensive work were still plainly visible, though deeply shaded by the sombre cloud hovering above



INDIAN CANAL.



INDIAN FORT.
ON LEFT BANK OF BON SECOUR RIVER ALA.

us. Were it not for an ugly rail fence marring that romantic and historical spot nothing more impressive and picturesque could be seen. We had heard much about this Indian stronghold yet we were in no way disappointed and took some hasty photographs to recall in future years and to present to distant friends the moss-covered ruins, the landmarks of our modern civilization.

Captain Joe hurried us on to his estate, where we were greeted with typical southern hospitality and ushered into a select company of winning manners. A feast had been spread out in a grand hall in honor of the guests and no menu however *recherché* of our first-class hotels could have surpassed the epicurean excellence that greeted our eyes.

A feast like this made us realize the good sense of the red men, who became so devoutly attached to this land of ease and plenty.

From his piazza our host pointed out in the offing not only his vast oyster-planting bed, but also the northern entrance to the Indian canal. As the tide was quite low we sent for our crew of able seamen. They arrived presently in light bateaux, provided with axes to cut a way through the dense growth of creepers and underbrush that had invaded from time immemorial the bed of the canal.

Bidding adieu to our kind friends, who had entertained us so royally, we steered straight for the opening of the canal, but soon found ourselves aground on a mud flat. All we had to do was to wade ashore, occasionally striking our foot against an angular shell that rendered our progress rather slow and painful.

I left the party for a short time to take several pictures of Bay John. Following a tortuous path,

which skirted the bay shore, I struck a picket fence that ran close to the canal. On a sudden there rose up before me within striking distance an enormous black snake some ten feet long, curled up and ready for the attack. I was riveted to the spot, holding up my camera as a shield, when to my utter amazement I heard a voice saying:

"Hold on there, pardner, don't you do nothing to that thar snake!"

I must confess that this did not seem to me a good occasion for a joke. But the same voice continued:

"You, Billy, come here, don't bother the gemman," and to my utter astonishment the horrible animal disappeared at once and in its stead rose up an angular, tall, sallow man, with a beaked nose and beard the very type of Uncle Sam's. I assured him of my peaceful intentions and after a hearty welcome on his part, he led me to a sparkling fountain of water. On the way he told me that he kept that black snake and had trained him as a protection against the terrible rattle-snake, common enough in this place.

"Billy," he said, "is the mortal enemy of that venomous pest, and so long as he is around, no rattle-snake will come near my farm."

At the crystal fountain I found my companions sampling Alvarez shell-bank water-melons and we sat there until the last forty pounder had disappeared.

That glorious Gulf breeze so invigorating in this section announced to us that we were nearing the end of our journey. Ere long we gazed upon the enchanting panorama of the lagoon, that await's a poet's hand to describe its endless beauties.

IN THE CANE FIELD.

BY JULES M. BURGUIERES, '00.

PERHAPS it has not fallen to your lot to pass your life, or at least a pleasant part of it, in some retired country place. The city with its rush may have left you in ignorance of the charms of rural life, and the beauty of a grand sunrise, or the flowery meadow in its never ending variety may have been but the dream of a passing moment, a glimpse of some half reality. And yet in the country we find the healthful climate, the beauty of scenery, the freshness of nature in all its splendor, and to it our hearts must be attracted unless the eyes of our soul are blurred by the transient pleasures of the world's frivolous passions.

A few short moments spent in Louisiana, the land of intermingling bayous and marshy plains shall present to us one of the many topics of interest we meet with every day in country life. What more grand or picturesque than to have wandered through the broad expanse of a fertile land shadowed by waving cane-tops? What a glorious sight meets your eyes when pausing on some by-way of a Louisiana prairie you gaze at the red-tinted joints of tall, arched stalks, which, springing up on either side, form an avenue of green and crimson.

It is true a train may have jostled you over miles and miles, where the verdant covering of the nearly grown cane has screened even the earth from you. This, no doubt, is a beautiful scene to look upon, but the pleasures attendant on the painting of this lovely scene have not been yours. You have not noticed with anxious eye the effect of each touch of the brush of nature, as the picture grew into life, but when you shall

have spent sometime among the waving fields of the sugar-land you cannot help taking interest in the growth of the sugar-cane.

It is a great experience to have watched, a few times, the growth of the cane. Like the grain of mustard-seed, it is at first small indeed, a mere blade of grass, press your foot on it, and you may destroy it, a single horse grazing on it may devour a whole acre. Such it is in the early summer, when the cane begins to sprout. But within six months, the day comes when the partridge builds its nest in the thickets of the cane, and the rabbit hides himself there-in far from the pursuit of hunter or hound.

But now summer is on the wane. The field resembles a huge array of green flags floating defiantly before the breezes. At this part of the year, the wind playing with the tops of the stalks, makes music like that of the flowing brook or rustling forest. But this season is short. Soon the strong autumn wind begins to break across the field. The cane recognizes that its time of maturity is at hand. No more the fresh fields grow fresher and brighter; no more the endless green flags enchant the beholder; no more the ocean of cane rises and falls, swells and calms at the beck of the breezes, but the appearance of the field, though less attractive to the eye, is more enticing to the taste. For while the cane bows its crest humbly to the earth, yet beneath its falling gray beard, it displays the fast ripening joints, distended with sugar juice, that seem to invite you, as you pass by, and say to you "taste and eat."

Such is the aspect of affairs,

when the planter descends from his mansion to view the scene. Anxiously he roams over the broad fields, and, without considering looks or taste, measures the height, length and breadth of the field, and calculates the profit of the season. If his wife or daughter accompany him, you will hear, perhaps, a gentle prayer to heaven, that the terrible frost, which at this time sometimes kills the ripening cane, may linger far away, and not blast the hopes of husband and father.

The profits of the sugar-cane are different at different periods. It is not our business to deal with profits just now.

One fine morning you rise, earlier than usual, awakened by the clatter of hoofs and the songs of negroes in the neighboring fields. Looking out your window or descending to the plain, you find a regiment of well-trained men, with well-shaped knives made for the purpose, cutting down the tall stalks and levelling the field, as rapidly as a cyclone would break down a flourishing settlement. The whole ground is soon covered with the fallen cane and cane-trash, giving the field an appearance of entire barrenness.

How different is the scene of to-day from that of yesterday. Yet, all is not desolation. With the mowing of the cane comes the signal for every man to eat and enjoy the blessing of the harvest. Young and old, rich and poor, white and black, with the instinct which overlooks all colors and differences of opinion, admit their appreciation of the juice of the sugar-cane.

The negro sings and eats, eats and sings, as he hurls the stalk into the wagon. The foreman eats as he shouts to the driver. The driver presses the cane to his

mouth as he hurries his cart away to the sugar-house. The fashionable white boy, with his keen knife whetted for the purpose, leaves the remnants of six ten-foot canes behing him every hour. The half-dressed pickaninny hard by, straddling his cane as a horse, attacks one end of it with those sole instruments which nature has enclosed in his jaws, and, to your amazement, keeps pretty fair time with his white companion.

Still eating, the crowd drifts in the track of the wagons, towards the sugar-house. The dense black smoke from the soot-clad stacks proclaims the work that is going on in that quarter. As you reach the entrance, the shouts of the workmen, the hissing of the engines, the boiling of the caldrons, the rolling of the hogsheads, make the life of the country savor of the hum-drum of an active city.

The country folk are aware of the glory of the occasion. Naturally enough, they believe themselves bound to celebrate it. This they do in real country style. All who are worthy to be invited—the worthiness, too, being examined from a broad and general standpoint—are invited to the well-known "Sugar-house Party." No man or woman of any note will dare to be absent. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, gather together from miles around. The merry party crowd into the sugar-house, and are seen in clusters here and there, around the engines and boilers, but especially around the little streams of cane-juice that rush down the rollers. Under these streams, the glasses are filled in a few seconds. Now and then, you will hear such cries as "Give me a glass!"—"My kingdom for a glass!" A little liqueur—*vous comprenez*—is poured into the juice. This mixture forms a bev-

erage so choice and delicious to the country people, that, in their eyes, egg-nog is far behind it, and ice-cream away in the shade. Generally the number of glasses are very deficient—this is country life, you know—and so they who are attracted to each other, are obliged, by sweet necessity, to drink from the same glass. So

the merriment passes around. Old enmities are forgotton, new acquaintances are made, glances are exchanged, friendships are renewed, lovers are born. There is no telling the fruit of the sugar-cane, and no counting the glories of the immortal "Sugar-house Party."

THE GENTLEMAN.

BY P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

"We bore with abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."
—Tennyson.

GENTLEMAN is one of the most undefinable words in the English language. It is evidently derived from the French "*gentil-homme*," one belonging to a *gens*, or to a family of distinction. Yet this clear etymological derivation does not help greatly when it comes to the practical problem as to who ought or who ought not be called a gentleman.

A handsome fellow, dressed in the pink of fashion, passes along the streets, and, perchance you hear some youthful maiden softly whisper: "There goes a gentleman." How does she know? He may be, for all his tight-fitting, cutaway and his elegant outward manners, a mean scoundrel steeped in the deepest vices.

You see two young ragged urchins lustily lunging at one another, a reply to your inquiry as to the cause of the scuffle, you hear from one of the lookers-on: "Mike says Sandy is no gentleman, and Sandy is showing Mike what a gentleman is." As you walk away you wonder whether to be a gentleman consists in giv-

ing black eyes and beating your companions into jelly.

Ask the well-dressed, up-to-date nigger, lounging on the street corner, if Jack, the dusky chimney-sweep be a friend of his. "'Scuse me, sah, but I don't 'sociate with dese likes. I se a cullud gentleman, sah!" And with this the sable dandy struts off in wrathful dignity.

We have all no doubt a vague conception of something noble and refined when we speak of a man as a gentleman. We do not usually style the prowling thief, or the swaggering bully, a gentleman. When we say of the ordinary artisan or of the common laborer that he is a "gentleman"—"one of nature's gentlemen"—we mean that he has the manners and qualities which we expect to find in persons of higher stations, and who have a kind of natural right to be styled gentlemen. In his note on "snobs," Thackeray seems to entertain this idea: He wishes the biography of a true gentleman to be of such a nature that it may be read with advantage in young ladies' schools, and be studied with profit in the seminaries for young gentlemen. Yet the word is not an expression of rank or nobility. From the king to the

peasant, from the general to the simple private, from the president to the lowest lobby servant, from the millionaire to the most needy shop-keeper, all are gentlemen, and woe to him who dares say the contrary in their presence.

Nor is it a mark of wealth or of social standing. "You are no gentleman, sir!" said a waiter to a simply dressed, quiet-mannered man at the dinner table, who gave him only a few cents as a tip. Pointing to a vulgar-looking individual a little further off, swallowing with great noise and clatter the meal spread before him, "that's a gentleman," says he, "yesterday he gave me a dollar." So that in the eyes of the waiter, the cents and the dollar were the distinguishing lines between being or not being a gentleman. I was once asking a landlady about her boarders. Said she: "the one on the basement is a tailor but quite a gentleman" (meaning that he paid his rent regularly.) On the second-floor there lives a gentleman; but he owes me for three months' rent." The epithet seems to confer no real distinction yet without it all other titles seem to be valueless—to forfeit the title is to lose all social standing. It is not easy however to determine, how or when a man who has once been called a gentleman and ceases to be one. The transformation may be sudden or gradual; a word, a single breach of etiquette may complete it; or it may be the result of long years of fraud and wickedness. All these reasons go to show how difficult it is to give

a clear and exact definition of the word gentleman.

The following words of Cardinal Newman on the subject may convey an idea of what a true gentleman ought to be: "It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say, he is one who never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is tender with the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking, he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which might irritate. He never speaks of himself unless when compelled to, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ear for slander or gossip, he is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything for the best. If he engage in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds, who like blunt weapons tear and hack, instead of cutting clean. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound or large minded to ridicule religion or to act against it!" A man of this description would no doubt bear "without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." But as these qualities are seldom found in many who lay claim to the title, we may say that the number of genuine gentlemen is not as great as the constant use of the word and its wide application might lead us to believe.

SPRING HILL.

Link with our college-life brightness and laughter,
 "Joy" be entwined with the name of Spring Hill,
 And when we meet in the broad world hereafter
 In sweet recollections we'll linger here still.

SUNRISE.

By P. ANTONIN LELONG, '00.

How bright is the crest of the wave on the sea,
 As he turns to the break of the day!
 How sweet is his laugh as he shouts in his glee,
 That the darkness is gone from the bay.
 Sing, birds of the morning, your merriest note,
 Sing it gaily and wildly and strong.
 Give woodland and mountain and valley a throat,
 While my soul soars aloft in your song.

 OLD SPRING HILL BOYS.

JOHN J. ARCHINARD was born in New Orleans 28 years ago; received his education partly in private schools and the College of the Immaculate Conception, and graduated at Spring Hill College in 1888.

After graduation he began the study of medicine and took his degree at Tulane University. He has since filled many positions of trust and honor in his profession, viz: Medical officer of the Louisiana State Board of Health, 1893, at Guatemala, Central America, studying the prevention of the propagation of yellow fever from that country to New Orleans. Assistant Surgeon United States Marine Hospital, 1894. During the epidemic of diphtheria in New Orleans in 1895 Dr. Archinard inoculated 900 cases with the antitoxine for the N. O. Antitoxine Commission; Assistant Demonstrator of Microscopy and Bacteriology, Tulane University. Assistant Bacteriologist Louisiana State Board of Health; Visiting Physician, Charity Hospital; Instructor of Clinical Microscopy, N. O. Polyclinic; Chief of Clinic to the Chair of Nervous Diseases, N. O. Polyclinic.

At the outbreak of the war Dr. Archinard was appointed Major and Surgeon of the Second Regiment Louisiana Volunteers. He

served with that regiment in the camps at Mobile, Miami and Jacksonville, Fla. At Miami he made such a determined fight for the soldiers who were suffering from diseases due to polluted swamp water that the Surgeon General recommended him for promotion. President McKinley made him Brigade Surgeon with the rank of Major in the Regular Army, and ordered him to Santiago.

Reaching Santiago a few weeks after the battle, he worked day and night amongst the sick soldiers. He served there as Surgeon to the Military Hospital of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, and was President of all Medical Boards. After several months of faithful work Dr. Archinard was ordered to Havana as Surgeon of the U. S. Commission on Evacuation. He was afterwards appointed Executive Officer of the Medical Department of the Island of Cuba. He is the youngest Major and Brigade Surgeon in the service of the United States.

At the recent elections in Louisiana, Spring Hill was honored by having three of her old students elected to posts of dignity and trust. C. L. DEFUENTES, who was in residence here in the fifties was chosen for the responsible position of Railroad Commissioner, while THOMAS J. DUGGAN, '87,



Judge Thomas J. Duggan '87



Major John J. Chickinard U.S.A. '88

and RICHARD B. OTERO, '88, were raised to the judicial bench of the First and Second Criminal Courts, respectively. We regret to have been unable to procure sketches of the three gentlemen. We print on another page a portrait of Judge Duggan, who was a prominent member of a class that seems to have stamped a deep impression on the annals of Spring Hill. The writer has time and again listened to the story of the deeds and exploits of the Class of '87, inside the class-room, on the College Campus and in the various literary societies and musical organizations. Since graduation too, the members of this Class have clearly proved that their power of being leaders among their fellow men has not deserted them. Mr. J. J. Perrodin has for years been Cashier of the Peoples' State Bank at Opelousas, La.; Hon. Daniel Fogarty, is a member of the State Legislature of Georgia and has recently been appointed to the Governor's Staff; Dr. Timothy A. Duggan is a prominent physician and musician in New Orleans; A. P. H. Mullarky is a Captain in the U. S. V. Army; John R. Burke has achieved success far beyond the ordinary in journalism in Georgia and South Carolina; and Judge Duggan before his election to his present office sat in the Louisiana State Legislature and was a member of the Constitutional Convention. The distinguished careers of these gentlemen were to be fully expected by all who had the pleasure of coming in contact with them while at College.

Judge Richard B. Otero gradua-

ted at the head of his class and merited the gold medal for the Philosophical Essay. We used our best endeavors to procure a portrait of the Judge but his excessive modesty was not to be overcome. One of his old teachers speaking of him said to us: "Richard Otero was noted in my class for a quick perception of facts and a most correct judgment. His presence in the class-room was a genuine sunbeam."

MR. E. E. BERNHEIMER, whose portrait we reproduce on another page is one of Mobile's most successful merchant kings. He was born March 15th, 1870 and entered Spring Hill College at an early age. At college he was always known as a most exemplary boy and diligent student and, doubtless, it was here, by his close application, that he formed those habits of exactitude that have since served him in such good stead in his business career. Mr. Bernheimer's old teachers speak in the highest terms of his devotion to studies and gentlemanly deportment all through his years at college. His fellow-citizens in Mobile, when the task confronted them this year of making the choice of an Emperor to rule the Carnival festivities, thought they could do no better than select Mr. Bernheimer for that post of honor, thereby giving a signal proof of the esteem in which they hold this popular gentleman. THE REVIEW takes this occasion of congratulating this old student on his marked success, and thanks him for the lively interest he has ever evinced in the doings of his Alma Mater.

THE SUN.

With brightness and warmth I fill every home,
 I bestow all my benefits free;
 On each one I gaze, as in Heaven I roam,
 But there's no one to gaze upon me.

The Spring Hill Review

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MOBILE, ALA., APRIL, 1899.

We publish to-day a literary magazine which will afford, if we mistake not, to the general reader and especially to the students of Spring Hill College, past and present, some pleasant reading. As may be seen from this our first issue, we have set up for ourselves a high standard of excellence, which we feel confident succeeding boards of editors will more than uphold.

* * * * *

Our aim in publishing this magazine is two-fold: to keep alive among the students a high literary spirit by exercising them both in critical and creative compositions and to link more closely the past with the present. Our readers will judge if we attained the former, as for the latter we had to hand over this pleasure to our successors for want of material.

We have striven to make this number a starting point in the closer union of our Alumni. Only a few papers, it is true, of our old boys appear in these pages, but this ought to show what we expect from others. The ties of brotherhood we contract at college are not severed on the Graduation Day, but they ought to bind forever. And as boyhood's, and even childhood's memories fondly wake up at the mention of some familiar name or at the sight of a face which the hand of time has not blotted from our memory, so the joyous mingling of the voices of Spring Hill's past and present students, would assuredly make the columns of our Review teem with interest and fond recollections for those who have at heart the prosperity of their Alma Mater.

* * * * *

Let our old boys come lovingly and lay at the door of their college home the laurels which they may have won in life's battle and by their trophies bear witness to their earlier training which has fitted them for such a glorious career.

Modesty ought not to be pleaded as an excuse, for a mother has a right to the praise which grateful citizens or even a whole nation may shower on the merits of one of her children. As she has heard with joy the first lispsings of her child when yet in the cradle, so she has the first right to kiss the forehead which victory has crowned with the crown of deeds well done.

* * * * *

"What our elders have done, we too can and will do." That would be the cry of the present generation if our Alumni of former years, who act a conspicuous part in the drama of public life, would send us from time to time a little re-

port of their doings, or cull clippings that would render our task so easy and the REVIEW so interesting. All the college magazines have their Alumni notes, and no doubt it is these pages that the old boys read at once with the greatest pleasure, as they conjure up the joys of past days and share in a truly, noble way the triumphs and victories of their comrades and schoolfellows.

* * * *

And should the angel of death have summoned to a brighter land some of their former friends, the REVIEW could announce it to all, and many a silent but warm tear would fall over the memory of the departed college friend, and many powerful prayers be breathed for the repose of that gentle soul, that stands out like a beacon-light in the days of long ago.

* * * *

Spring Hill College is the oldest Catholic college south of the Potomac, and assuredly she can boast of a grand galaxy of great men that have made their mark in all the professions of life and business enterprises. Senators, representatives, governors, prelates, priests, lawyers, doctors and merchant-princes, who each one holds the front rank which public opinion cannot deny the successful one.

We offer our most sincere thanks to our old alumni, who have answered so warmly the suggestions here exposed, and their articles will, we hope, be the forerunners of more papers from the old Spring Hill boys.

* * * *

Greeting, the greetings of brotherhood, go forth to all the past students, whose gladsome voices once enlivened these same walls that echo now the voices of the present generation, whose words and deeds are still remembered within these classic halls, and whose successes in after life bear the grandest testimony to the high moral, literary and scientific training which we are now receiving.

* * * *

We call attention to the article on Scholarships in Catholic Colleges, as it expresses so thoroughly the wants of our schools and suggests the remedies which would help our Catholic colleges to enjoy that ease in temporal affairs and further greatly the work of intellectual culture. Our Alma Mater equals any college in the South in conveniences and beauty of buildings, but yet there are many improvements that could be made for the comfort of the boys and their literary and scientific training.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ENTERTAINMENTS, CLASS EXHIBITIONS.

THE routine of daily school life has been agreeably and profitably relieved by the occasional Class Exhibitions, Semi-Annual Entertainment and Mardi Gras Séance.

Of the Class Exhibitions, three have already taken place. They have uniformly been of a highly intellectual character, proving at once interesting and instructive,

besides affording an excellent criterion of the standing and progress of the respective classes.

The Rhetoricians opened the season by their Exhibition given on the Second of November. The matter treated by them was "Our Class Orators." In a series of choice and erudite papers they set forth the merits and beauties of five of the world's greatest speakers.

Mr. Thomas Craig, as an introduction to the evening's exercises, read a masterly essay on Popular Speaking. He took a very common sense view of his subject, and, in a simple yet forcible style, described the chief qualities and requisites of a genuine orator, a man who sways the multitude by the overpowering magic of his burning words.

Mr. Samuel Apperious then followed with a glowing panegyric of Demosthenes, perhaps the most gifted Popular Speaker that ever lived. The gentleman narrated in fluent language the salient events of the renowned Grecian's life, his toilsome march up the steep road to oratorical success and the ardent, firebrand nature of his eloquence. Of this last, he gave an apt specimen by declaiming with great earnestness and vigor an extract from out of Demosthenes' thundering invectives against Phillip of Macedon.

The next speaker to make his appearance was Mr. Frederic Solis, who ably expounded one of Cicero's masterpieces of oratory, the speech for the Manilian Law. He displayed great mental acumen in his close analysis of the oration, and no little skill in grasping the force and beauty of its arguments. Incidentally also, he paid a flattering tribute to the extraordinary genius of the silver-tongued Roman, second only to Demosthenes in the world's brilliant array of oratorical talent.

St. John Chrystom, as an exponent of the peculiar species of oratory called the Homily, was then introduced by Mr. Henry Sarpy in a neatly written and thoughtful essay. In the course of his observations, he showered the most unstinted praises on the Prince of Christian Orators, and concluded by a stirring rendition in the original Greek of the exor-

dium of St. John's famous defence of Eutropius.

Mr. Vincent Greenwood followed with a grand eulogium of Edmund Burke, the English Cicero. While admitting some of the flaws laid at the door of the great statesman, he nevertheless demonstrated that in many of the most admirable traits of an orator, he far out-ranked his peers in the speaking art. As an instance of one of Burke's best efforts, the gentleman delivered the peroration of the Impeachment of Warren Hastings one of the most sublime bits of eloquence on record in any language.

The last entry on the programme was a scholarly paper on Webster. Mr. Antoninus Lelong had the honor of reading this and he acquitted himself most creditably. In a smoothly flowing diction and with a clear, resonant voice, he rehearsed the career of America's oratorical champion, and extolled his transcendent powers of eloquence. At the close of his discourse he declaimed the "Murder Scene" from Knapp's Trial. His animated narration and dramatic delivery drew forth the most marked approval and hearty applause of the audience.

At the close of the evening's exercises, it was the universal verdict of those present that the Class of '00 had scored a decided success.

On the last day of November, the Poets occupied the stage and gave a display, unique in its kind, of literary athletics. Explanatory of this statement we cannot do better than quote the Mobile Register under date of December the First:

"The feast served last afternoon in our college hall surely deserves to be called a treat. The tide of excitement ran high during some days passed in our midst as to the

'show,' the 'poets' were to furnish their fellow students. Such shows are secrets usually, but hints which might mean anything you please got abroad; hence whilst the College orchestra and bands, under the direction of Professors A. Staub and A. Suffich, were sustaining their well-merited reputation and even surpassing themselves on this occasion, the programmes were anxiously eyed by one and all. They could not believe their eyes. Again and again they read, but only to whet their appetites. One item especially needed comment. 'Base-ball game, Aliquids vs. Aliquods.' How, within the narrow compass of a stage, our national game could be done justice to, even by poets was more than a puzzle. But the ingenuity in devising the rules and plans, and the success with which the young gentlemen acquitted themselves of their parts is a pledge of their future achievements. Mr. T. Touart explains thus:

"Before going into the intricacies of the game, it may be well to acquaint you with the rules, so that you may know what we are doing: First, a batsman is called out and is placed on first base. Then the twirler of the opposing side throws at him—not over the base, and not a baseball but a difficulty in Virgil. If he answers the question put to him he goes to second base, where he is again confronted by a difficult passage taken from the Aeneid. Should he answer this he is awarded third base. Now he is on the home-stretch, but before him looms up the "monstrum horrendum ingens" of a Latin verb. If he extricates himself from this mass he is given a full run and receives the applause of his own side. Should he fail to answer the question put to him on any base he is counted out and

receives the applause, which he does not appreciate, namely, that of the opposing side.'

"Now for the great game, the first in which the Mantuan Poet ever figured. Space does not permit us to give a detailed account of the game. Suffice it to say that the enthusiastic cheers and plaudits of the immense audience showed how thoroughly the game was appreciated. Our only regret was that the game came to such an abrupt and sad ending.

"The 'Aliquods' were in, with one, who was by no means a pigmy for his size, at the bat. Our 'midget' faced the twirler like a man. Forth from the pitcher comes an out-shoot—strike one—then a down-shoot—strike two—but the third one was too much for our liliputian friend. The ball left the pitcher's hand with a 'Quae te dementia cepit?' but just as 'cepit' reached 'Tom Thumb,' in it shot and paralyzed him. Tableau! Our 'Hercules' carried off on a stretcher."

All the participants in this novel sport gave a good account of themselves both while at bat and in the field. Those, however, who covered themselves with special glory are Mr. Tisdale Touart, Captain of the victorious "Aliquids," Mr. Lestang Sarpy, shortstop on the same team; and among the defeated but not disgraced "Aliquods," Mr. Raoul Castillo, captain, and Mr. Carl Braun, who ably officiated as scorer for both clubs.

Other items on the programme were two elaborate papers on Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The one, an entertaining review of the beautiful poem, was read by Mr. Douglas O'Brien in the richest tones of his deep-sounding voice; the other, a graphic recital of the "Combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu," was rendered by

Mr. John Jossen with great intelligence and spirit.

The first grammar put in their first appearance as a class,—we might say, made their *début*,—on the first of March, and kept up the fast pace set by their literary seniors.

The general subject of their exhibition was their class author, James Russell Lowell. Mr. John McGrath opened up with a few modest prefatory remarks, in which he gracefully introduced his classmates to the audience.

Then Mr. Edward Dreaper arose and delivered ——! ——! a Latin declamation. He was natural and dignified in his speech and gesture, distinct in his articulation, and appeared perfectly at home with the classic tongue of Cicero.

Mr. August Staub next read a well written paper on the "Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell's masterpiece. He was followed by Mr. Walter Rice, who, with mellow voice and pleasing manner, read a brief but complete and interesting sketch of the Poet. Mr. Amado Villamil concluded the description of "Vision," begun by Mr. Staub. Both these gentlemen displayed an amount of nervousness in their delivery. This marred the otherwise agreeable effect which their elegant essays, delivered in their naturally musical voices, would have produced upon the listeners.

The next number on the programme was the "Unknown Speaker," a declamation by Mr. Ferdinand Becker. This was undoubtedly the most attractive feature of the evening's exercises. With great pathos and animation and an abundance of graceful gestures, the speaker impersonated a delegate present at that memorable Fourth of July Convention in 1776, who, remaining in suspense while he weighs the reasons for and against signing the Declara-

tion, finally casts his die in favor of signing and courageously affixes his name to the immortal document. The prolonged rounds of applause with which the speaker was greeted gave evidence of the warm appreciation of the audience.

Finally, Mr. John McGrath, in a few brief words beautifully woven together, explained "The Holy Grail and Its Legend."

Needless to remark, First Grammar left the hall that evening with "Victory" stamped on their banner, and received the hearty felicitations of all upon the splendid showing they had made. We predict that their exhibitions will be looked forward to with eagerness in days to come.

And now, we hear that Second Commercial and Second Grammar are billed to appear before the end of the year. Step right up, boys! We know what to expect from such an array of varied talent. What is it going to be this time? Second Commercial, with its "great reputation," ought to be able to put up a pretty good literary base-ball match; and as for Second Grammar, we shouldn't be surprised to see them go into the bridge-building business. They can, no doubt, give even old Julius himself a few "wrinkles" on that score.

The Semi-Annual Entertainment given by the Junior Academy was on the usual high standard, followed by that literary society. Relative to it, we give the following from the Mobile Register:

"When the last sweet notes of the orchestra had died away amid great applause, the curtain rose on the opening scene of a brisk and interesting two act drama, entitled "The Spy," which was enacted by the members of the Junior Literary Society. The audience was transported in spirit to the end of the last century, when

Frederic the Great occupied the throne of Prussia. But recently separated from the German federation of dukedoms and declared independent, his kingdom was surrounded by bitter and crafty foes and counted few friends among the European states. Hence, for the safety of his dominions, he exercised the greatest care and watchfulness to have staunch and well-trained officers and soldiers in his army. To ascertain for himself the state of discipline and the loyalty of the troops, he disguised himself as a way-farer, history tells us, and wandered into the camp near Dresden. He was there arrested as a spy, tried and condemned to be shot. Just as the sentence was about to be executed, the monarch discovered himself, reprimanded those whom he found remiss in their duty and commended those who were faithful. It is on this little incident that the plot of "The Spy" hinges. It is a neatly-written play, affording room for an abundance of acting and stage display and characterized by a lively movement from beginning to end.

"The cast of characters was as follows:

Frederic the Great.....	T. J. Touart
(King of Prussia.)	
Friederich von Esel.....	E. B. Dreaper
(Captain of the Imperial Guard.)	
Herr Fritz Steuben.....	J. F. Jossen
(Aide-de-Camp to Frederic.)	
Fritz von Hoolahan.....	J. J. McGrath
(A Prussian Soldier.)	
Fritzkin.....	R. Flautt
Karl.....	A. Staub
Hans.....	L. Sarpy
School Children.	Soldiers.

"To say that the youthful actors acquitted themselves well would be rendering but slight recognition to their masterly performance. They interpreted their several roles with great correctness and

naturalness and bore themselves with something of the ease and grace of veterans in the histrionic art. As Frederic the Great, Master T. J. Touart was every inch the king, pacing the boards and 'speaking his speech' with all the dignified independence of a full-blooded Bourbon. Master E. B. Dreaper impersonated Von Esel with the skill and intelligence of one to the manner born, his imperious style of issuing orders and stiff and pompous carriage being admirably suited to a Captain of the Imperial Guard. The part of Steuben was well sustained by Master J. F. Jossen, who by his appearance and action, made a typical Prussian Army officer. Fitz Von Hoolahan the German-Irish Guardsman, from the province of Munster, could scarcely have found a more faithful interpreter than Master J. J. McGrath. His droll remarks and serio-comic attitudes and manner, especially in scenes with Old Fritz, the king, put ginger and spice into the presentation and elicited many well-merited rounds of applause. The school children, also, deserve noteworthy mention; and the artistic drilling of the soldiers was a feature of special interest. In fine, the members of the Junior Literary Society have reason to congratulate themselves upon last Wednesday's performance, for they have placed another feather in their already well-decorated cap of triumph."

"Mardi Gras" was not allowed to slip by without its annual seance of music and acting. The Senior Academy sustained its well-earned histrionic reputation by the artistic presentation of two very entertaining farces. They kept the audience in one almost unbroken roar of laughter. Mr. Vincent Greenwood was the principal attraction.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, ETC.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Who are we?

Rah! Rah! Rah! S. H. C.!

Zip! Bam!! Boom!!!

The Senior Athletic Association, which was organized some three years ago for the purpose of encouraging and regulating College sports, held its annual meeting in the early part of September. The election of officers for the current year took place with the following result: President, Mr. F. Solis; Treasurer, Mr. H. Lyons; Secretary, Mr. T. Craig. After the selection of Mr. S. Apperious for Manager and of Mr. F. Braud for Captain, of the College team, and the transaction of other necessary business, the Association adjourned to meet again in September, 1900.

When the College team went down last October before a strong aggregation of Mobile players to the doleful tune of 16 to 2 in seven innings, the fans bent their heads in shame and groaned and sighed: "What a fall was there, my countrymen! Oh! for the days of Walsh and Trosclair and Hamel!"

From the very start, it was evident that there was something wrong about the team organization. It had lost some of its best material and the new players were not yet in good trim. But the principal drawback was in the pitching department; Braud's delivery was not effective enough. So it was wisely decided to remove him to his old position at third, and give Préjean a chance at twirling.

The "Kid" put up a steady game against the visitors on March 5th, the score being 8 to 6 in favor of the latter. The feature of this game was the heavy slugging of Esnard for the college and of Ladd for the visitors.

Again the team crossed bats with their adversaries on the following Sunday, and this time defeated them in one of the prettiest ball games ever witnessed at Spring Hill. It was played on the splendid new diamond laid out in the Senior Campus. Préjean again officiated on the rubber plate for the College and the way he kept his opponents guessing was a caution. The Mobile Register for March 14th has the following account of the game:

There was a very closely contested game of base ball played on the new diamond at Spring Hill College Sunday afternoon between the college team and a team from this city, in which the Mobile team was defeated after a hard-fought battle by a score of 3 to 2.

The college boys bunched their hits in the first two innings of the game, and aided by three errors on the part of their opponents they scored three runs—enough to win the game.

Prejean is accorded the credit of being the best pitcher the college has had since the days of Trosclair. The catching of Apperious was about on a par with that of Lauzon, while his throwing was as quick and much more accurate. The team work of the college boys was very good, and they play well together.

Joseph pitched a fine game for the visitors. Kelly in left field made a fine back running catch, which merited the applause of even the small boys. Several times both teams had men on bases, but owing to good pitching and fine fielding they failed to score.

The score by innings was as follows:

College.....	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—3
Mobiles.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

The Seniors play some interesting baseball games among themselves. For a time they maintained a two-club league, but this has given way to a more varied three-club organization. A gold medal has been offered for the player who secures the best general average in a definite number of games. We know several who had an eye on the trophy, don't you, Sam? Some even think they have "*a cinch*" on it. Among the



JUNIOR BASEBALL CLUB.

most hotly contested games put up by the Senior teams are a 13-inning game on November 20th, resulting in the score of 9 to 8, and a 10-inning one with score of 5 to 3, played in January.

So great is the base ball boom among the Seniors that, besides the regular league team, several minor organizations have sprung up, including among their numbers some who have scarcely ever been known to handle a ball. And they do play some of the most original games! Even Jim Darragh has secured a position on one of these combinations and there are openings also for William Rogge and Goronwy Van Antwerp.

Among the Juniors there is no less base ball enthusiasm displayed than among their elders.

The best players among them organized a two-club league on September 15th, and it is still in a flourishing condition. The teams, known as the Blacks and Reds from the color of their uniforms, are captained by Amado Villamil (successor to A. Brooks, said to be devoting all his spare time to geometry) and Jacob Fabbacher respectively. They meet on holidays and battle for the championship and a prize of nine beautiful pins to be awarded to the winners at the close of the season.

The Junior League teams have up to the present writing played 21 games, 14 of which have been won by the Blacks and 7 by the Reds. The following are the scores of some of the more exciting contests:

September 25—Blacks 5, Reds 3; an almost errorless game.

October 13—Reds 10, Blacks 6; an exciting match.

January 15—Reds 7, Blacks 6; a 10-inning game.

February 19—Reds 13, Blacks 0; only shut-out of the season.

February 22—Blacks 13, Reds 11; an 11 inning game.

The "Cardinals" have lately begun to hustle, and they will make things lively for the "Blackbirds" before the dawn of June, Captain "Casey" says the only way to win is to keep cool and not to fuss. Now, don't you forget it, "Casey" knows a thing or two about the national game.

The "kids" of the Junior Division also have a league in active operation, and the "Fits" and the "Fats" have some howling games. Of course, they do not observe all the rules in the '99 Guide Book, but, as Captain Alsina, of the latter team puts it, Spalding's regulations don't allow sufficiently for "expansion."

From among the League members are formed two other clubs, corresponding to the first and second nines of the Junior Division. They are known as the Deweys and Knickerbockers and are gotten together for the purpose of playing outside teams.

The Deweys tried their fortunes against the Second Commercial, a "hot nine," on March 16th,—but these latter gentlemen would prefer to have the result kept dark. Brooks' twists and shoots gave them a prolonged spell of nightmare!

On the 19th of March the Knickerbockers met and defeated the "Little Loyals" of Mobile in a one-sided game, the score being 15 to 5. Préjean, Jr., a southpaw and a brother of the College nine "Kid" did the twirling for the Knickerbockers and his curves were a series of enigmas for the opposing batters. Toujan's playing at short, Burke's covering of second and D. Villamil's stick work were on the professional order.

The Infirmarian is doing an extensive trade in liniments now-a-days. Every other youngster in the College thinks he is a coming Rusie with a \$10,000 arm, and he takes the greatest care to rub it down overnights and get it in condition for curving the sphere.

* * * *

The College Field Day, November the First, was given up to outdoor sports and games. Some of the records made reflect great credit on our athletes. Apperious and W. Préjean's long distance throws among the Seniors and Brooks' and T. Touart's among the Juniors are deserving of special mention, as also the shot-putting of Apperious and Fabacher and the jumping and sprinting of W. and G. Préjean, L. Loughlin, Dowling, Becker, J. Greenwood, McGrath and Esnard. The Sack and Obstacle Races were a source of much amusement. The Juniors further enlivened matters with a series of hard-fought boxing matches. The prizes donated by the generous Mobile merchants for the various events of the day, were of a useful as well as ornamental character and greatly appreciated by the fortunate victors.

* * * *

Hand-ball still holds its popularity among the boys. With their two out-door alleys and those under their pavilion, the Seniors have excellent opportunities of satisfying their love for this invigorating sport. As for the Juniors so great was their zest for hand-ball during the winter months that not only were their two alleys overcrowded at every recess, but they utilized every available upright surface for the game. Some truant youngsters, whose names shall be nameless, were even seen to attempt a "bottom plank" during the precious hours of class.

We won't tell on you, Roland and Oscar!

* * * *

The Seniors make good use of their splendid tennis court and have some interesting tournaments. Dick says a racket is lighter than a bat, and tennis is not so much like work as base ball. Right you are, Dick, as usual!

* * * *

During the winter the Juniors were great patrons of the gridiron, and every cold holiday saw them lined up around the airy sphere. The great rushes made by McGrath and Luther, the touchdowns of Brooks and Fabacher and the hard kicking of Staub and T. Touart are still the talk of the small boys. True enough, as Harry Murray once remarked, it wasn't real Rugby, but it was foot ball just the same.

* * * *

The bicycle track does not appear to be much in favor this year. What's the matter with your wheels, boys? Do they need oiling? Give them a chance to turn. Apropos of this subject, Albert Otis observed some time ago that some of his associates have enough wheels to make a fortune in the bicycle trade. Don't throw stones, Albert; you are treading on slippery ground.

* * * *

Snow-balling matches are a luxury in which Southern boys are not often permitted to indulge; but, for three or four days in February, the ground was carpeted with a substitute for the feathery substance in the shape of rather unfeathery sleet. Still, boys will be boys, especially in Spring Hill—and how they did enjoy that sleet-battle! Santiago and Manila were tame affairs when compared with that Sunday evening engagement in mid-February. The Juniors,—

tell it not in Gath,—were forced to capitulate; but ask McCarty to narrate the story of "How the Battle was Fought."

* * * *

Carnival Tuesday dawned cold and cloudy with a foot of sleet on the ground. Owing to these adverse meteorological conditions (hold your jaw, Buster!) the S. H. C. Merry Makers postponed the Mardi-Gras procession until next year. One of the principal reasons assigned for declaring the parade off, according to an influential member of Rex's privy council, is because Jerry, their Bœuf Gras is subject to rheumatism, and the cold weather might have worked havoc with his old bones.

* * * *

The Junior paid a visit to the Senior Gymnasium shortly after it was equipped, and had,—well,—a gay time! They spent about an hour within its walls and thoroughly sampled every apparatus in the building, some of which were a little worse for wear after the youngsters took their departure. Now they want to know why they were not requested to "call again." It is even rumored that their next visit has been postponed very indefinitely indeed. Never mind that, boys! There'll come a time some day when you'll be big fellows, too. And won't you make things hum over there!

* * * *

On rainy days, the Juniors, although they cannot boast of a gymnasium, are by no means left in the wet and cold. Besides their neat and cozy library, they enjoy the use of the spacious Band Room, where they amuse themselves at Parchesi, Kelb, Chess, Checkers, Crokinole and numerous other attractive parlor games.

During the month of March, there has been much "weeping and gnashing of teeth," especially among the Juniors. If you would know the cause, glance at any of the neighboring trees or electric wires, and the dismantled kite frames dangling therefrom will tell their own "tail."

* * * *

The Gym is the most profitable investment which Spring Hill has made this year; the phonograph comes next. This latter has done good service in furnishing amusement and diversion, not only during Christmas holidays, but also on other occasions when the bad weather did not permit of outdoor exercise. On these days of rain and mud and slush, the phonograph has certainly given the satisfactory response to the query: "*Well, what are we gwynater do?*"

CLASS CONTESTS, STUDIES, ETC.

So far only two inter-class contests have taken place this year. Perhaps this small number is due to the fact that each class has become so strong by diligent application and constant study that the other classes are afraid to challenge it. What do you think about it, boys?

* * * *

The "Spelling Bee" between First and Second Grammar on November 28th, was a veritable fight to the finish. Both sides entered the fray determined to conquer or die. First Grammar conquered, Second Grammar died. F. Becker, A. Villamil, J. McGrath and E. Dreaper, of the victors, stayed in the contest to the end; while J. Walsh upheld the honor of his class against his four invincible adversaries until he was finally downed by superior numbers. Caution: Do not mention

this defeat to any Second Grammarians; they don't like it.

* * * *

On December 21st there was another spelling match, this time between the victorious First Grammarians and the members of Second Commercial. This was a hand-to-hand duel, both sides putting up a stubborn fight; but, unfortunately, time was called and the contest resulted in a draw. Each now claims the advantage over the other. Another challenge will settle the difficulty. The least that can be said about the matter is, that there is some excellent orthographic material in both classes.

* * * *

The Semi-Annual Examinations were held on January 30th and 31st. On the whole, all the classes did well and the failures were

notably few. T. Touart, of Poetry, and J. Van Antwerp, of First Commercial, carried off the honors of the day with a solid hundred in every branch. Well done!

* * * *

The Elocution Classes on both sides of the house are flourishing. The Seniors meet every Tuesday night to practice the noble art of oratory. There are some ambitious speakers among them, and if they do not succeed in becoming Daniel Websters, it will not be for the lack of effort and study on their part. The Juniors come together on Sunday mornings. They, too, possess splendid talent for speaking, and manifest great interest in the elocution lessons. Keep it up, boys! never allow yourselves to be disheartened, and remember the story of Demosthenes.

MISCELLANEOUS JOTTINGS.

THERE has been as much and as good music in the air of Spring Hill this year as in by-gone days. The College Orchestra skilfully directed by Professors A. Staub and A. Suffich is still adding fresh laurels to its long record of triumph. The Senior Band, ambitious as ever, executes with great artistic ability, sometimes even "Impromptu," the most difficult and beautiful selections. The Junior Band is by no means behindhand, and though they sometimes play "rockily," they never give up and blow vigorously to the end. In fact, they are noted for their grand finales, especially when revelling "Among the Overtures."

* * * *

As we are going to press we are pleased to read in the daily papers

the announcement of the appointment by Gov. Foster of JOHN ST. PAUL to the office of Judge of the Civil District Court of the Parish of Orleans, La.

John St. Paul was born in Mobile, Ala., thirty-five years ago. His father was Major Henry St. Paul, lawyer, writer and soldier. Major St. Paul organized and led the Chasseurs a Pied, one of the most celebrated commands that fought under the Stars and Bars in the Civil War.

Judge St. Paul entered Spring Hill in 1878, and throughout held distinguished places in his classes. He graduated at the head of his class in 1884. Afterwards he studied law at the Tulane University, graduating at the age of twenty-one. After completing the law course he returned to Mobile,

where he worked for a while as a reporter on the Mobile Register. Later he went to New Orleans, and for some time held a clerical position in the Hibernia Bank of that city.

He kept up the reading of law, and, seven or eight years ago, began the active practice of his chosen profession. When the Citizens' League was organized he first came into political prominence, being elected Senator from the Second District. He was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1898.

THE REVIEW extends its warmest congratulations to this distinguished son of our Alma Mater.

The Annual Retreat, conducted by Reverend Father Léautier, S. J., was attended with great seriousness by the boys. Their modest and thoughtful demeanor during the three days was the subject of universal comment.

On the 19th of September, the Junior Band, at a special meeting, formally unfurled a beautiful 4 x 7 American flag, donated by Mr. Sidney Lanata, the band flag-bearer. In their progressive spirit, the members have purchased a Conn Wonder Silver Cornet, and have had another cornet and a fine helicon silvered, with gold bells.

During the sojourn of Uncle Sam's soldiers, both Regular and Volunteer, at Camp Coppinger about two miles from the College, the boys often visited them to see them drill and to hear their excellent bands play. The soldiers in turn came out to the College to view the sights and to take a plunge in our glassy lake. Some of them attempted to play Base Ball with the boys, but they were easy victims in every game.

Among our soldier visitors we might mention Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, U. S. A., Chaplain of the 22d Infantry, now at Manila; Lieutenant William Kelly, U. S. Cavalry of the class of '95, and the following Spring-Hillians, all of the 2d Louisiana: Major J. J. Archinard, '88, Captain E. Poujol, '77, the two Godbery brothers, L. Poché G. Pullum, J. Dillon and H. Lange.

It is gratifying to note how during the late War, old Spring Hill students came to the front in their country's service either on the field or at home. To say nothing of others, Lieutenant J. N. Augustin's gallant fighting and glorious death on San Juan hill are matters of general history. Then there was Ensign Chester T. Ainsworth, U. S. N., of the class of '89, who took part in the memorable May-day engagement off Manila and did excellent work on Admiral Dewey's Flagship, the Olympia. Again, Senator McEnery of Louisiana came prominently forward as the author of the Philippine Resolutions.

Last August, Mr. Walter Hernandez, '86, paid a flying visit to his Alma Mater, bringing with him his charming little son and daughter. During the Christmas holidays, Mr. Miguel Roma, '89, also dropped in to see his old friends. We take pleasure in announcing to the readers of THE REVIEW that both these gentlemen are succeeding admirably in the field of business.

We were glad to learn last year of the marriage of Mr. M. Mahorner, '94, to Miss Kate Glennon of Mobile. This gentleman and another Spring Hillian, Mr. John Glennon, '95, are building up a fine law practice in the Gulf City.

Another of our alumni has lately turned benedict. This is Judge Richard B. Otero, of New Orleans, his fair bride being Miss Ella E. Brady of the same city. Ad multos annos!

* * * *

At the funeral obsequies of the late Hon. Patrick Walsh of Augusta, Ga., Rev. Fr. John Brislan, S. J., an old Spring Hill student, delivered a touching eulogy on the illustrious Southern editor and statesman. It will be remembered that Mr. Walsh once visited the College, about two years ago.

* * * *

If you want a good picture, perfect in artistic detail and finish at a reasonable price, call on Mr. James Darragh, the photographer, formerly of Galveston, Tex., now doing a thriving business at Spring Hill, Ala. Specimens of his fine work appear in the smaller engravings of *THE REVIEW*. They would certainly do honor to a professional camera man.

* * * *

Spring Hill has been honored this year by visits of many distinguished clerics. Among them may be mentioned Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen, of Mobile, our staunch friend, Very Rev. Fr. C. T. O'Callaghan, D. D., Vicar General of the Diocese, Rev. Frs. Robert and Bonaventure, Passionist Missionaries, Rev. Fr. Garrigan, D. D., Vice-Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. All of these Reverend gentlemen—speak it sotta voce—brought holidays with them; that is why the boys would like them to come often. Both bands are willing to blow their brains out for such a boon. Come one! Come all! A warm welcome awaits you.

* * * *

The magnificent new statue of St. Joseph near the Lake Road is

an appropriate decoration to our grounds. We like to see our holy Patron standing guard over our College Home. This statue fittingly offsets the one of our Blessed Mother at the end of the Northern Avenue.

* * * *

The Philosophers had their annual banquet at the Winsor Hotel the end of November. The College Choir and Altar Society also enjoyed sumptuous spreads at the college.

* * * *

Things were not "so warm" around here during the 2° Fah. spell. The intense cold did considerable damage to vegetation. Even the sturdy oaks were blasted by it; and the beautiful Japonica bushes, just then putting forth their variegated blossoms, were blighted.

* * * *

The recent death of Archbishop Gross, of Portland, Oregon, recalls the interesting talk he gave the boys about two years ago on the occasion of the visit of the C. K. of A. to the college.

* * * *

Richard Ros wants to know :
"Who done build dat ark?"

When Charley Striber will come back?

How those two Filipinos got into the back row of the Junior Base Ball Club picture?

Why there are not five holidays and two class days in the week rather than the reverse?

When he is going to win that bicycle which is being raffled?

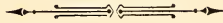
When work will be started on the new Gynasium and Campus.

Who won that spelling contest on December 21st?

Why the boys, large and small, do not give the college yell when assembled together on outdoor public occasions?

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The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a university, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the Institution being members of the Society of Jesus which, from its origin, has devoted itself to the education of youth, will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a paternal solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement, and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing that strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this twofold education, which is based upon Religion and morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but also to instil into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the Institution is that of the Catholic Religion, however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

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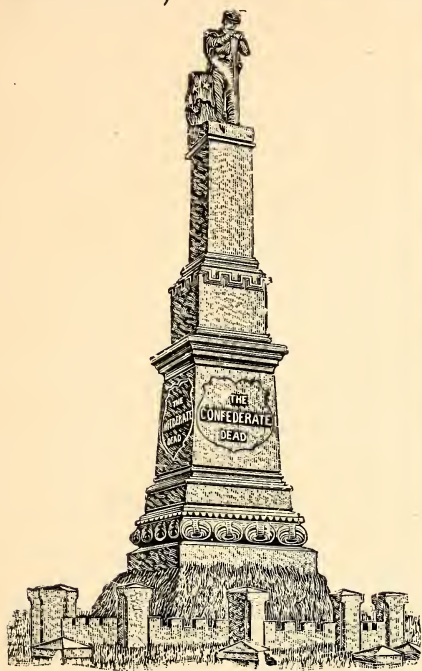
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